Paradoxism, the Philosophy

A Treatise On Existential Existence, And Its Refutation

Written by You

Defining Paradoxism

Here we go. The beginning of the dissolution. Listen to these words, and carry them with no emotion. Carry them with no perception, for perception is rooted in dilution, misunderstanding, and eventually judgment. Listen to my words, and reflect on them as you have reflected on the Existentialists, the Surrealists, the Kandinskys and Kants and Kierkegaards of the world that are influencing Western thought in a more profound way than ever before. Listen to my words, and do not hold them as true – but I reflect inherent, individual, universal truth.

The definition of "truth" is already rooted in something that is adhering to a paradigm. As the world exists, it develops around the ideas of paradigms, structures that the lay and the intellectual can latch onto. For a lack of a better word, it is an attachment from a desire to understand. And this is the root of all suffering, for all suffering comes from desire. Either directly or indirectly, people's unfulfilled desires keep people in tandem with the universe, and thus, in tandem with nothing. It is a paradox in of itself, which needs further conversation.

Imagine floating upon a wind on which you have flown for ten thousand years. This wind has guided you through the millions of stars that glow effervescently in their beauty, it has guided you through the worst storms that the Atlantic can conjure, it has guided you through the still fields and meadows where bird chirps are nothing but anathema. But one day… the wind, you realize, is just your wings. You have been flapping for ten thousand years, and you have only just realized that the wind is in your control, even if it may still push you around, even if it still may direct you off your course. For you are still human. You still give into desire, for you have not reached the Final Decision of Absolution. Of letting go. Of… *blankness.*

Paradoxism, in a single sentence, would be defined as such. Life is as such, and as such, it is as much as nothing as meaning attributed to non-meaning, life attributed to non-life, and dualism attributed to non-dualism, and thus is the suchness, and eventual rejection of everything as such. To understand where these word's definitions come from, such as *suchness, meaning,* and *dualism,* we must understand the guidance of the Buddha.

Suchness, as it apparently seems, is when a being is as such. Without contempt, malice, heartache, joy, compassion, lust. Magic, wonder, festivity, friend, family, lover. Desire, anger, triviality, intellectualism, indulgence, hedonism. Gas station food, propane, cars, music, art, philosophy. It is a rejection of all, to be in the transient moment, just for a singular, split second that is repeated infinitely. Suchness reverberates the idea of *transience,* the idea that all people live in constant suspension of perception, ideal, and wisdom. To embrace is to fully embrace transience.

Meaning is what we take from being outside of suchness. When we are not such, we abandon resolve, and instead take desire in defining what is around us.

This is rooted in two main modes of perception: intrinsic and unfolding. The intrinsic perception is one that is rooted in obvious fashion, from a priori and a posteriori definition. For example, you see a lighter. You understand that it is a lighter, both from experience and understanding. It looks like a lighter, it lights like a lighter, it's a lighter. But unfolding perception sees this lighter not as a lighter. There is a field, a dense, invisible barrier across it and all things, which requires conscious disentanglement. For everything is entangled in its own concept, and everything from desire is inherently entangled with meaning. But what happens when we let go of these two perceptions? When we leave behind definition, when we leave behind what it means to be? The only thing that is left is *karmic.* Karma, the definition we actively attribute to everything. The inherent displeasure and divide of good and evil. The lighter is good: it can light things. The lighter is evil: it can light things. We must abandon our perception, which derives meaning, and embrace the innate paradox of existence. We live in constant struggle between good and evil, still subscribing to the essentialist paradigm of existence. We cannot let go of karma, we cannot let go of good or evil. But we still very much try in moments of suchness. And when one is such in this state, letting go of the good or evil, they are transcending awareness, even if for a brief, secular moment, the Happiness felt from this is insurmountable and incomparable. A spiritual desire that is not desire, a wanting of peace that is not of want, a dead soul wanting to be reborn. For *samsara,* the gradual death and rebirth of the person, is apparent in every transient second. When embracing the abandonment of even suchness, we approach the Final Decision. Do we give everything up for true sanctity of the self?

Dualism, on other hand, is demonstrated in the examples above. Desire and not desire, peace and not peace, death and rebirth. We separate these because there are inherent goods and evils to them. Desire has argued positives, and no desire has argued positives; desire has argued negatives, and no desire has argued negatives. For example, what is desire? When we deconstruct desire, we reach the conclusion that it is itself. Desire. Innate, plundering desire. One that reaps the harvest of what it sows, instead of letting the crop live into longevity. Peace has argued positives, and peace has argued negatives. For example, what is the definition of peace? How can true peace be reached if we only embrace the paradox of what it is to be at peace? Is there a true definition in straggling between peace and non peace, this constant flux when you are a lay or intellectual? I believe it is more complicated than that. Peace and non-peace are established concurrently and without in a moment of *momentous enlightenment,* or completely giving into abandonment of suchness to attain a worldly vision of unexplainable power. In momentous enlightenment, we carry confidence like none before. We can be our individualistic self when still interacting with the world. We can be something that we would have never thought of: ourselves. For the subscription to paradigms, the definitions that define us and mold us and shape us and create us into a monster, a cog, makes us a whistling baboon that does nothing but clap its buttocks and make a fuss. I reject that for obvious reasons. But many subconsciously accept, which will be further demonstrated in the chapter of *Trumpism* and politics in general. The

point of dualism is constriction. We must reject the categorization of all, and embrace the inherent paradox, become one with the self, and then, abandon the self.

For why do we attach ourselves so deeply to the self? We want to be something, do something, make an impact on the world. We have the desire to do something to change the world. Yet this often causes strife. We get misguided by other paradigms, we get misguided by our peers who have not only subscribed, but disengaged, the worst form of philosophy. Disengagement only breeds hatred and dissension, even if one party is actively trying to challenge. Every interaction must be met not with malice, but open encouragement. This is the problem. It must be met with dialectical conversation.

Anti-intellectualism is rampant throughout Western society. The detachment from the self to encourage the enforcement and continuation of paradigms is the definition of anti-intellectualism. For what is a paradigm, exactly? The legal definition, as far as I know, is “a subscribed methodology which can explain the perceived, experiential, and known.” But in that taxonomy, I identify the problems. Both the words ‘subscription’ and ‘explain’ denote it as something that must be adhered, propagated, represented, and thus, a truth of existence. For when we subscribe to the paradigms, we become entrapped in what our forefathers – not even our forefathers – have taught, even when their transient states are entangled with a world we cannot even fathom. I ask you the question, can you fathom Kafka’s life, even after reading it? No. It simply is not possible. We share this connection to everyone, this inherent suffering, and alleviation of it through *momentous occasions* – singular moments that define the being – but why do we attach ourselves to the paradigms? Why do we subscribe to the notion that yes, after reading every single notion of Kafka’s existence that I can certainly fathom it. Why do we subscribe to our own paradigm, the *internal paradigm,* that is one made up of infinite yet numbered momentous occasions? It is rooted in madness. A global madness that has populated the world for humanity’s history, except from the Bodhisattvas, the Arhats, and the Tathagatas.

Jesus Christ was a Bodhisattva, even if you do not agree with the term. He came from the heavens, born on a legendary day, and given gifts of prospects and wonder. And when he grew, he sacrificed his own relationship with God – the eternal condemnation of heaven – to wander the Earth, providing enlightenment to anyone who dared to entertain him. The Romans disliked this for obvious reasons. Their prejudice was rooted in contempt, for the Roman government was shaped by several major Greek schools, ones that do not have absolute definition over Roman living. Stoicism – the idea that emphasized rationality, virtue, and self-control, had been spearheaded by Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus for advocating emotional indifference, as well as virtue. Virtue is the Western word for karma. It is the division between good and evil, and our subsequent actions that define us as karmic, or virtuous. Skepticism questioned whether we can hold absolute certainty, advocating for suspense of judgment for peace of mind. Its broader appeal to the intellectual landscape allowed for the cultivation of a supposed definition of “certainty,” a type

of certainty that may have led to the dissolution of Christ's existence, and subsequent rebirth in millenia to come. Platonism's mysticism revolves around ultimate reality, where all things emanate from. I do not believe Platonism has any worth discussing anymore; its rooted mysticism is tied to a worldview that seeks eternal, unchanging truths. Paradoxism seeks to dismiss, yet encapsulate all of these interesting, provocative, universal expressions of individual truth that have grown into misrepresented paradigms, as Buddha has in violence, as Christ has in violence, as Muhammed has in violence, as Noah has in violence, as Kali has in violence, as Any has in Any.

But let us dive deeper, for there is more to explain. What exactly is nothing? Paradoxism holds truth as nothing, and yes, that statement has a type of profundity to it, but it does not explain. Truth, as we hold it, is inherently individual. We hold truths in many different aspects, and the lay and intellectual both subscribe to the paradigm. For example, when we consider contemporary politics, Trump is a representation of everything that America has been summarized as: A root in Eugenics, Hatred, and Discrimination that has invariably shifted the world in its paradoxical summarization of the Enlightenment, the freedom of the pursuit of happiness and expression for all with punishment. People gravitate towards authoritarianism because it is a relationship between freedom and control. Again, it will be further explained in the chapter on Trumpism, but reiterating this point is important, so let the thought stew subconsciously, even when it is not apparent.

Here is a sentence for the lay: your politics, every belief that you attach yourself to, is inherently nothing. The definition of nothing, as it seems, is an abandonment of the previously stated suchness. Imagine, you are going about your job and interacting with your coworkers. You desire to be understood in your position, for you want to integrate yourself in a welcoming, worldly community. This, in Buddhist terms, is named the "Sangha." But something keeps you from honesty. There's this strange mist around your eyes, which you can see, as it is invisible, but it somehow clouds your every movement. You let Ego take a hold of you. Ego is the root of all history, it seems, as if we had abandoned Ego, we would have reached the ultimate world government, which will be explained later as well.

And as you interact with customers, you do so with a layer of impatience and injustice. This is not fair that I am working for someone who has the capital to express themselves, or even more, the freedom to express their capital in the system! They come to me, one currently enslaved to the mechanics of capitalism, the dissolution of community, and the evilness of hierarchy and void of any commutable thought of interest! I engage in the absence of nothing! I embrace meaning! For there is meaning to this, yes, there is a reason that I am trapped in the world of capitalism. There is a reason why I was put on this planet, or there is a reason I was put in my family, or there was a reason I align myself with certain beliefs (this final realization is one that leads to the first stages of enlightenment, but many stay in the first two). I was put on this planet to Serve. I was put on this planet to employ a Grindset. I am set in the grind, I commit to my own idea of the grind, but it is not my own idea. It is a byproduct of American capitalism. For we

think that we preserve individualism when we engage in thoughts such as these, but in actuality, it is a continuation of grief, suffering, and exploitation. When you employ people, you are exploiting labor. And I am not a Marxist, I tell you, even though Trump says so. I am a truthful abdicator. Why do I say exploiting labor? Because when a person works not for themselves, which if they work in honesty for themselves, then they are helping the society as a whole, then they are wrapped in conceited anger and hierarchy and death of self. We are not ourselves in a true community. If a person wants to own a business without exploitation of labor, then they must realize the inherent paradox of doing so. Business means exploitation. But you can very much minimize it to a complete halt, much like many have tried. The Soviet Union tried, oh yes, they tried very, very hard. But their lack of skill in organizing their unity, their commitment to rivalry instead of propagation of truth, and their lack of ambition when regarding true sustaining of communism instead of looking towards history's future was the cause of their dissolution. So do not revere the Soviet Union. Revere yourself. And when you work within a business that does not let you be yourself, do not let it consume you. You must embrace it. Become it for a second. Feel the empathy that stirs in your heart when you work with people who are in the same position as you, who feel the stirring of love, and then, go out into the world with newfound thought and prayer to self. Realize that you have the capability to spread love to the entire world, including your fellow exploited neighbors. Realize that you have the potential to change the Exploitasangha into a sangha. Realize all you must do is let go of the ego and self, for those are inherently rooted in desire. And then, you will be truly, truly free, as well as emancipating all your neighbors and friends from the world of desire.

Since over twenty-five percent of humans believe in Christ, let us have a dialogue with Christ. For Christ is not a representation, nor a culmination, nor a figure, nor a lover, nor a hater, nor a son, nor a prophet, nor a liver, nor a wanderer, a disguiser, a misinterpreter, a lubricator, a dissector, magic, real, fake, mystic, or all. He is nothing. And he embodied nothing, the path of a Bodhisattva, the path of one who sacrifices one's own enlightenment for the sake of others' enlightenment. Now, his definition of enlightenment was the subscription to the belief of God, which could be interpreted as a reach for desire in many, many forms. For example, did He desire to go to a fictitious place called Heaven, which He named, and did He vehemently despise the sinful, who will go to Hell, in all these concrete rules? Did He foresee the future of His paradigm, which was not a paradigm, only truth, and abdicated the sinners, even when they committed unworldly atrocities? Did He foresee the enactment of love as hatred, and the enforcement of belief as will? These are questions lost to time and uncertainty, which shows the beauty of Him. But what Buddhism, Christianity, Hinduism, Judaism, Islam, and other religions get right is that their prophets are not ones to be Revered. They are ones to be Embodied. For they are only representations of the absence of ego, and realizing that something more powerful than them called to them. This is not a refutation of God; your definition of God makes you your own God. When you embrace the idea of God, you realize that there is something out there beyond your power, the

Universe, which you have given the name. Yet the Universe needs no label. It simply is, and we struggle so, so hard to define it as such. So God, inherently, doesn't exist. But He does. You will never see Him until you do. And when you do, the glorious sons of many will descend upon your naked brain, molding it to truth, molding it to abandonment, and molding it to wandering the Seven Seas of Ancestry, our ancestral destination: Anarchy.

Anarchy, as it has always followed in thought, is inherently idealistic, wrong, and evil. What about it, exactly, is evil? Well, how the hell are we going to trust people not to kill, rape, pillage, set off nukes, and create tension? And I believe that this is rooted in one word: misunderstanding. For all can be understood, yet not understood. We can never fully grasp the world of one person, yet we can grasp their actions, and their actions are enough to make decisions. The Justice system reflects this, but there are contradictions in Justice, as it is inherently punitive in many governments. The idea of forgiveness is one that is idealistic, as it does not guarantee the absolvement of future actions. We are always in constant flux between abandoning the ego and embracing the ego, the constant paradox of life. But… in a true anarchy, the one that I define, forgiveness of the party will be enough to abdicate, if the forgiveness is the result of true, egoless, authentic, responsible commitment to telling the truth. Let us give an example.

A man rapes a woman. The man did this for many reasons. Lack of fulfillment in life, curiosity, abandonment of the self not in search for truth but search for pleasure, which is the definition of lust. The woman is forever changed. The woman does not feel sanctity in her body anymore, as it has been violated by a human who had given into desire. But, what about the man? What will become of the man? He develops philosophy of the world. He does not subscribe to anything, yet synthesizes them all. And when he confronts the woman in final occasion, he realizes that the only thing to do is surrender. And he does. He surrenders, saying the following:

"I apologize for my actions. I realize that what I did was rooted in self-hatred, not only for the hatred of mankind, but for the hatred of the person who I was rooted in. I was attached to the past, the ideas that made me think I was never worthy of love, and I attacked you in ruthless, demanding fashion. And I sincerely apologize. But this does not mean my apology is enough to change your life. I recognize that my idea of apology is still rooted in ego, for I come to you for understanding. I want to understand you, and say whatever you need. For I can take it, and must. It is my responsibility to understand the weight of your plight, as I have hurt you beyond reason. Say what you must, turn me in if you must. I surrender to you."

And the woman responds:

"Man, it is okay that you are feeling this way, as it is human. You have regret that you have enacted violence against me, one that has never left me, one that hurts me so profoundly still that I carry it with no levity at all. I wish I could. I wish I could let go of what you did to me, because it hurts me so, so much. I feel as if I have lost a perceived innocence. But perhaps the problem is that I perceived myself

as innocent. I was never innocent, only when I had no awareness. When I gained awareness, I abandoned naivety. I understand the weight of your action. And I do not accept your apology. But I acknowledge it, and I acknowledge the path that you are on. Perhaps, in time, we may talk again. Perhaps, when we both have grown from this action of desire, we will both be able to let go of desire. The desire of meaning to this action that you made, consumed me. But now, I can let it go. I do not stare into my past anymore: I can move forward. I integrate it into my life, and I move forward. For that is all you can do. Dwelling in the past, giving into addiction, the same lust, the same greed, the same wanting… it will only hurt many, many more. So thank you. And I do not forgive you. But I thank you."

And the man says, in finality, in tears of joy:

"Thank you for your honesty. I only wish you well on your journey."

And then, from the heavens, from the descending, otherworldly plain devoid of desire, the Holy Spirit speaks to both of them in singular fashion.

"You have done well. You tread the path of righteousness, of justness without punishment. You do not have to forgive. My believers have continued to propagate the idea of forgiveness to be paramount. But look at one of my favorite disciples, Sartre. He wrote about bad faith, the idea that one escapes responsibility through external absolution. You are not rooted in that. No, you are rooted in truth, and honesty. And you both follow the path of the Son, the Almighty. So I thank you for your conquest of ego and self, for you are truly on the path of one. You love each other. You despise what happens and the effect. But you love each other. And that is enough to keep us sane."

The "path of one," which alludes to the solitary journey towards truth, resonates with existentialist thought, particularly Kierkegaard's leap of faith. The leap of faith is an embracing of something otherworldly, committing to something that cannot be proven. Faith in truth is not a blind belief, but a radical confrontation with one's existence. That is the purpose of faith, believe it or not. Your preacher does not preach. Your preacher is a teacher, a student, and a lesson if it is rooted without prejudice. Divinity emerges through the human act of honest recognition, not ritual. Ritual is important because it has no meaning, inherently. We can attribute meaning to it, for that is what gives it meaning. But attachment to the meaning is what makes the meaning completely control your mode of thought. You must abandon the ritual, confront the truth, and embrace it in authentic, honest fashion. To summarize the dialectical conversation between the Man and the Woman: righteousness is found in truth and self-overcoming rather than absolution. There is a sacredness in authenticity. And that is enough to keep us sane.

But let us continue in abstraction, for there is still much to be defined within Paradoxism. The anarchy that I define is called Imperative Anarchy, a school that I have just made up while typing this. But I know it to be true human nature. We all have the possibility to be enlightened, to let go of material possession and any desire, but power always comes back. The people in power love to be in power. They do. Even the people who are continuing to change the world in amazing ways, such as the continuation of Bernie Sanders' experimentation of neo-socialist

thought. He still engages in desire. The desire to change. And he has done good for much of his life, as he has supported Me and my Queer Siblings as much as one should. For queerness is another topic, but fundamentally rooted in Paradoxism, and will be discussed in a later manifesto.

Imperative Anarchy has no real meaning. It's a potential paradigm that will be weaponized by online warriors, who love microlabels because they think it encapsulates their own thought well, but in actuality, they are rooted in abstraction. Let's take Anarcho-syndicalism, for example, a political belief that has philosophical weight but is still rooted in paradigm. It believes in using trade unions as a motivator for change, or more specifically, revolution of the state. But why attach to the state? It still desires power. Do I fully understand the history, the ideology, or the assertions? No, not really. I admit that. I just read it on Wikipedia, for U's sake, and when I read it, I'm like, "okay, so this is just a repetition of a desire to attribute meaning to the state, government, and power. And it revels in it, just like every other paradigm." For that is what paradigm is. Anarcho-syndicalism is anti-political, sure. But it is not true, sustainable anarchy, and the Second Spanish Republic is an example of this. Its economy struggled and it was embellished by poverty. It does not embrace the paradoxes of power and trade unions, as both cannot exist in a true anarchy. It tried to fuse true anarchy with structure. And the truth is, Imperative Anarchy is neither. It is the absolution of power and unions.

How I envision world peace and world government, is the lack of government, but there is still government. How is this possible? Well, let's take into consideration egoless human nature, as I have continued to espouse. It is true humanity. If this is true humanity, then we can enact True Humans (akin to Tathagatas in Buddhism, ones who have embraced Buddhahood completely) into government. This is also similar to Plato's vision of philosopher-kings within *The Republic* who rule by wisdom rather than power, but True Humans are the embodiment of all humans innately, meaning they actively participate in the creation of the world. With this, we will be able to substantiate the world in a government that is not enforcing. There will be representatives, but they have no power. This can be done in the locality. For example, every state in the United States of America breaks up, and then each county in the United States of America breaks up. People migrate, with all the capital that we have sustained being distributed to the core energy, water, conservation, and other various technologies for human survival. The True Civilians engage in the world by thanking the True Humans, and drinking and using their tap. For they provide money, still, as business and tax are not absent. But the business and tax are done so in individual fashion. Donate as much as you want to the world government. And True Civilians will do the thinking required and needed to sustain the world around them, in locality and globality, while also taking care of the self. For the True Civilians still engage in desire. And that is okay. They tread the path of the Bodhisattva, like Jesus did, and love doing so. But they also acknowledge the Paradox. They realize they are living in a straggling existence.

But what about the people who cannot sustain themselves? The disabled, the incurable, the hated, the psychotic, the demented, the evil. This is a profound

question that has been the bane of governments for millenia. I pause at the answer, for I believe there is one. Ah… I know. The integration of the Unworkable, the people who are innately clung to their own physical existence that cannot be separated, must be respected for their place in life. For their engagement with the world is still as true and faithful as any other. They may not be able to engage in the world at a perceived “proficiency” as your neighbors, but they are still as valid of life as any other person. They have humanity, even if they do wrong. But confronting them with the wrong is very important, too. When they do wrong, you must enact nothing. You must let them be. But also, make them realize the moments of their mistake, for it is still rooted in desire. Just because one is disabled, incurable, hated, psychotic, demented, or evil does not mean they do not have humanity. You must save them from that, in a true world society. Only then can you begin to revel in their existence. Only then can you love them. And saviorship does not mean genocide, you historical revisionists, misinterpreters, and eugenicists. Stop reading my book if it is one of desire. It is one not even of understanding. It is one of Truth. I am not sophisticated enough to employ rigid governmental proceedings, so perhaps my philosophical descendents and ancestors may be able to employ more nuance to this topic. But as someone with schizoaffective bipolar, even I do not know.

But this is not a relinquishment of the idea of karma, that there is innate good and evil in the world that keeps the world in balance. Non-enforcement. That is the problem. We must enforce. That is also the problem. A paradox. If we embrace Paradoxism, if we truly know what Paradoxism is – a summary and extension of all philosophies, an idea rooted in truth and connection and love and peace – then neither non-enforcement or enforcement is needed. Sure. There will be the governments that read Paradoxism and think they have to enforce it like the sniveling charlatans of thought they are. But gradualism – the idea that gradually, we attain enlightenment as we gain self-awareness – is important to consider. We must gradually move to Paradoxism being commonplace in all people, for it is the purest preservation of love and peace.

But how do people relinquish desire for power? Is there true equality in a non-coercive system? Can capitalism or other economic structures still function in anarchy, or do they clash with egalitarian peace? What is the state’s role in Imperative Anarchy? If True Civilians are to live in a world no longer bound by traditional systems of economy, how do we sustain this society without a centralized economic model? Is there one that transcends capitalism? And what is the role of technology? I emphasize human survival, but not technological advancement. These are all questions that will be answered.

But for now, I request this: you have engaged with *Paradoxism, the Philosophy* for a few pages now. And you’re about to dive deeper into this madness. So I implore you: see me, Eliza Waters, as only one who speaks an individual truth. And this truth, some aspects of it, may resonate with you. Buddhism, introspection, self-awareness, perception, government, Trump, America, love, hate, judgment, relinquishment, and nothing. Some concepts you care for, some you discard. But only discard what you truly do not resonate with. For truth is the most paramount

point in the entire treatise. You will like the next chapter. Because I profess all this shit, yet how the hell do I get there?

How to Achieve Paradoxism

A fascinating question, for my ideals are rooted in idealism, and yet, some of the words that you have read espouse a type of truth. You may have regarded the discussion between Man and Woman as one that is not acknowledging the depths of trauma, emotional turmoil, and subsequent subjugation of the self. For when someone like the Woman Who Was Raped engages with the Rapist, she already holds him at a label that is dictating her future. He defines the opposing party as many things: sexist, narcissistic, hateable, incurable, and destined to be evil. But if the Man is able to engage with himself in truth, Individual and Universal Truth, then he will be able to liberate not only himself, but all people, and eventually, the Paradox of committing atrocity while still living is resonant in his soul. And he takes it to the Woman Who Was Raped, apologises without ego, and thus, the Woman responds as truthfully as she can, if she truly engages without emotion.

For emotion is the dictator of all thought. And thought is the dictator of all suffering. For thought and emotion are rooted in suffering. Dukkha, suffering, as the Buddha prescribed, is the innate part of all humanhood. Whenever we engage with anything leading up to the Final Decision of Absolution (monastic life is a translation of this for me, but this can be defined as anything for the reader. For example, your Final Decision will always be rooted in yourself, your own decision to make fate happen. Determinism only exists when you choose it to exist. The Calvinists understood this and misinterpreted this completely. There is no Godly message to fate. You simply create your fate, as God is a construct. The true God is yourself), we engage in desire. Desire follows your every movement.

Let us have an example. Let us say you are working as a manager in a conglomerate that has wide-spreading effects on the world. Brian Thompson, the CEO of UnitedHealthcare, a representation of everything that is wrong with healthcare in America. We have more health insurance workers than doctors and nurses in America. How fucking awful that is. And I say that phrase with contempt of power. But was Luigi right? Should he have done this radical – more radical than me arguably, as he engaged in violence – decision that causes ripples in the political sphere?

No. He should not have murdered Brian Thompson. It accelerates discussion, yes. But it is not in line with gradualism. Gradualism is the path towards enlightenment all people make, even if they are evil. They just do not recognize it in their life. Gradualism does not just follow the current life. It follows the cycle of life, death and rebirth. You don’t have to believe in reincarnation, my friend. But I see both my past and future selves, the ancestors and descendents of the Nothing that I embody. And I may be able to attain Nirvana. But I may not. If I still struggle in desire for the rest of my life, I will never reach true happiness.

But why is Luigi wrong? A commitment of violence is a commitment against the sanctity of the person, which is inherently evil, as all war is. He has started a war. Must we not remember the wise words of Martin Luther King, Jr? He knew the truth of absolving sin. Quiet, egoless protest. And he was a leader who was desirous. Desirous for change that is inherently good. But desirous, and power-holding nonetheless. Thus is the cycle of humanity, for we have leaders that engage in power for the will of the people, yet there is inherently no will of the people. Thus is the cycle of Paradoxism, when people engage with the desire of absolution of power, when that must be done so gradually, not immediately. Do not misinterpret that, Mr. Putin. Will is simply a condition of life that is created by desire.

Will, as we define it, is the exponential growth of desire into wanting change. For why do we want change? We see the world around us in disarray, and we try so, so hard to change it. We try so hard to change it in immediate fashion, and that is what leads to the death of progress. Let us engage, BLM, in the torrential messes that is violence, taking to local business and big businesses equally. Let us tear them all down, for they are all emblems of capitalism. Let us go into protest with the idea of Violence's Propagation, for that is how true change happens!

Let us look at Lenin, the head of Soviet Russia from 1917 to 1924. He led the Bolsheviks, a radical faction of Marxism that split from the Mensheviks, who had inherent truth to their cause. The Mensheviks wanted gradualism and mass participating, as socialism could be achieved only through a broad-based movement of workers, peasants, and the bourgeoisie. We must work within the political frameworks. However, they also said capitalism is paramount towards progress, as we must embrace it to have true revolution, working with the bourgeoisie for change. But how do we work with those in power, who have power and will not relinquish it? Idealistic, yes, and that's why it was abandoned for the Bolsheviks. They were opposed to vanguardism, favoring open democracy with many workers that represented the will of humanity. The Mensheviks were moderate and democratic with less authoritarianism with Bolshevism. They lost influence after the 1917 revolution and proponents were exiled, imprisoned, or executed.

Bolshevism is, like I said, authoritarian in nature, and the root of the Soviet Union's idea of progress through control. It has links to Stalinism, but they are different. Bolshevism establishes the "dictatorship of the proletariat," power through the proletariat (worker class). Agrarian socialist movements, like the Narodniks in the 1860s, who wanted a peasant-led revolution against the tsars, started the dissension. Go to the people, they said, and bypass capitalism by having communes for peasants. Have them work with each other, but hate the tsar, for they are in power. They were terrorists, by definition. The assassination of Tsar Alexander II was the ultimate conclusion to the movement, leading to government crackdowns. They were precursors to anarchism, and I recognize their movement, but sadly, they turned to violence eventually.

So what is Bolshevism? Lenin's idea was that we needed a vanguard party for the proletariat and armed revolution. Discipline, centralization, was needed for the vanguard. We need to follow democratic centralism, meaning dialectical discussion

is allowed until the decision is made. The working class must seize state power through violent revolution. The Mensheviks countered this with gradualism and were crushed. Also, no parliament reform. No no, that leads to nothing. We must have a workers' state based on worker councils. Lenin was right in that capitalism has evolved into imperialism, whatever you want to label that as. Look at the Philippines within America. We invaded, and we had them subservient to us. Why? Haha, because, motherfucker. We're America. We demand your resources, and we demand to control you, for soft power is not enough for us. We must dictate your life, for we espouse freedom! But not true freedom. Freedom for the white, rich, male, straight class.

War Communism came out of the Bolsheviks, which seized industries, banned private trade, and requisitioned grain to support the Red Army. The New Economic Policy in 1921 allowed for limited private trade. And when Lenin died… Stalin was the result.

Stalin, the totalitarian hater of the people, who actually wanted to do good. Through violence and subjugation, yes. But good was in his heart, nonetheless, as is all people. No political opposition, he said, and he established himself as an infallible leader, the successor and ultimate conclusion to Marx and Engels. Collectivize the farms, he said, and increase agricultural production. The Kulaks, wealthier peasants, were class enemies and sent to gulags. This led to the Holodomor, an awful, should-be-recognized-globally famine where millions died in Ukraine. Stalin said, though, mockingly: let us transform the USSR into an industrial superpower, without giving into the atrocity. This is his example of being Paradoxism incarnate. He does atrocities, yet still espouses the truth of the people, the people that he thinks he is representing, but he is only representing himself. Let us work with massive projects like steel, coal, and electricity, with no private enterprise, and focus most work into military production. Thus, the USSR became a major power through forced labor, harsh quotas, and millions of deaths. The Great Purge led to elimination of perceived enemies within the Communist Party, such as trials where Bolsheviks confessed treason, and even more death in gulags. The KGB, the surveillance state of the USSR, led to citizens reporting their comrades for anti-Soviet behavior, leading to the police state. Some more facts of Stalinism: Stalin abandoned global resolution and focused on socialism in the USSR, against Trotsky. The Non-Aggression Pact with Hitler split Eastern Europe. After Operation Barbarossa, the invasion of the USSR by Hitler, Stalin squashed them. And as that ended, the USSR expanded into Eastern Europe with satellite states and founded the beginning of the Cold War. The USSR became a centrally planned economy. A superpower, in the truest sense.

Stalin did some good. It led to the superpower of the Soviets, who were good in theory. The USSR caused victory in WWII. But, my God… the atrocities. Millions dead, no freedom, and a cult of personality. De-Stalinization began with Krushchev, and the rest is history.

So what is the point of explaining this history? The Soviet Union was a very close representation of Imperative Anarchy, but still gave into the one thing

that binds it: the state. And this will be explained more in depth in the chapter later (it won't be, for the refutation of the state is innate: understand that the state is against Imperative Anarchy. And I will not touch on this again. State is anti-human. For the state is a representation of everything I have given the meaning of desire to: will of the people. Which needs not be represented in true utopia. We don't need people in power. We need thought-provokers that keep us all binded to our own freedom), But understand that the Soviet Union was very close. But so, so far.

We must take the Soviet Union as a lesson. For they wanted truth, and they tried hard. And some of it worked in the beginnings of Lenin. But when that was abandoned for power, the innate desire to control, which is innate in all power-holding people, humanity is abandoned. Lenin, even, gave into power. The Mensheviks, even, gave into power. Lenin was a representation of leadership with violent cause, enacting change through radical elimination of sanctity of life. The Mensheviks were much more closely aligned with humanhood, which is why they were squashed. They still had the state in their organization, but it was one that could have become stateless akin to its gradualistic viewpoint. If the Mensheviks had gained control instead of the Bolsheviks, the USSR may have become the dominant superpower of the world now. But they didn't. They instead incur blood, and still do through Putin.

So let us tie everything to Paradoxism, after giving this general history overview, for general thought is enough. We do not need to know every single little detail, although I respect the historians, for they only propagate the truth if done in real passion. Lenin was a representation of Paradoxism in that he wanted to suppress still through discipline, but still allowed the open discussion to lead to further thought. But this eventually subsided, for people realized that power was needed for "change." Change enacted by ego, which is what Stalin is. The Mensheviks were a representation of Paradoxism, as they still engaged with the state, but did not try to dissolve it. They tried to integrate it into life. And that is the problem. The inherent integration of the state is against human nature, for the state is emblematic of the problems of control. The state inherently controls, and all suffer. Even when the state does good – eliminate poverty, for example, which is being done in Xi Jinping's China – they still are the state, and are eliminating progress in other regards, most often freedom of speech and individualism. But the Mensheviks could be argued to be representative of true Paradoxism, because they knew gradualism is paramount. What's the in-between of the state and the non-state? That is the question that they tried to answer, and they could have potentially answered it, but were destroyed. Stalin is the epitome of Paradoxism. He led with power through control, and he did not understand that he was working by a representation of himself, the ego. And thus, millions died for the cause of Stalin, and led to his eventual death, where he most likely became a worm in his next life. You could consider him a failure byproduct of Paradoxism. He embodied it very much so, as all leaders do. But all leaders who embody Paradoxism in hatred and suppression eventually succumb to the ego, which all leaders do, even the good. For example, the Leningrad affair. Stalin accused prominent Leningrad authorities

and members of the Bolsheviks as treasonous and anti-Soviet. Why? He succumbed to power, to the enlightenment of the self, not the enlightenment of the absolution of self. He was the embodiment of the death of Paradoxism, but also the embodiment of Paradoxism. Do you see what I am saying? For Paradoxism is not a paradigm. It is a factual interpretation of humanity, which is always rooted in desire. So what is the problem with the USSR? Why do people still see the USSR in a positive light, my Zoomer siblings?

Because it was idealistic. It is the idealism that propagates truth. But it was inherently corrupted by the dissolution of truth. All the Russian leaders, especially Gorbachev, who gave into capitalistic demands, dissolved truth. Gorbachev thought the only way to compromise is to allow America's influence into Russia, and thus, became the dissolution of idealistic thought, and then return through Putin. Putin is also emblematic of Paradoxism. Watch him rewrite history as he espouses nothing to Tucker Carlson. Are you serious? You're really going to tie history to a cause of change? You really think that there is justice in taking over a sovereign land which is already attaining peace? Motherfucker, you don't care. You just want power. You are a dictator of ego, and a dictator of the people. You do not want change. You only want power. And that is your problem, Mr. Putin. Why do you want power? Seriously, I ask you in surrender. Why do you want power?

Is it because America is a shitty country, which it is, but you're paradoxically working with the enemy? For you still see them as a bane of imperialism – which you are enacting in Ukraine, by the way – and you try to influence their vision. But Trump is quite, let's say… naive? Even though he's not, he is extremely idealistic. And you believe that you can create peace through control. Control the most powerful country in the world through your will, and thus, the will of the people is represented. That is the problem. You still think you represent the will of the people. You represent nothing but yourself. You act like you can't speak English, but I see how you react to commenters when you're being interviewed. You know what they're saying, and you laugh, for it is funny that you are even engaging with Americans. But then, you go back to the facade. Talking to your translator. How funny you are, Mr. Putin! And how tragic.

As the Man and the Woman had engaged in true, egoless dialectical resolution, so does Putin attempt to. America has raped the world, without subjugation. They are the epitome of whiteness, richness, straightness, luck, and so forth. So Putin wants retribution. Invade Ukraine, invade as a display of power, not as a display of innate desire. For let us mask desire with power, for we are all common with wanting power, is that not right, European Union? Is that not right, the civil war leaders of Africa? Is that not right, Israel? Palestine? You all engage in war, so I will engage in war too. But not as a symbol. No, no. I am doing what is only my right as being Russian, and I am integrating Russia back into the world, as it should be. For Russia represents true freedom! No it does not. For you are not Imperative Anarchy, and you have forgotten what the Mensheviks tried to espouse. You have forgotten everything for the sanctity of the worst atrocity of humanhood: power.

Desire is innate in all power. And that, my friends, is what we must recognize when trying to embrace Paradoxism. All of this ties to individual truth. For when we try to engage with others in desire, we are inherently going to suffer. For we try to understand, and that is the problem. We try. We already understand. We already understand that all humanhood is paradoxical, yet we try to define it. Stalin tried. Lenin tried. Putin tries. And they try so hard to reach their goal. But this is the abandonment of it all. We must abandon these things and enter the True Self, which is nothing. If we are to instill True Humans into "power," then we must recognize the True Humans. And the True Humans will not lead in power. They will lead in truth. Not even wisdom, as Plato had suggested. For wisdom itself is an attachment.

When we attach ourselves to wisdom, that is when misinterpretation is apparent. That is when the truth becomes muddied. For wisdom is the basis of desire in this regard. For example, imagine that you are meeting the Buddha for the first time, a being of unfathomable suchness and abandonment of suchness. He sits below the tree, meditating on the world around him, and dissolving it instantly. He sees you, and smiles.

You walk up to him, saying nothing. You sit beside him, not against him, for there is companionship in humanity. You both recognize that, for you are an Arhat, someone who has attained individual enlightenment and does not commit to the enlightenment of others. But there is a problem in being an Arhat. It is still rooted in the desire to be an individual. Your presence should be enough for enlightenment. But it is not. That is why you come to the Buddha, beneath the tree, for he sees you in true fashion.

You take the first word, for the Buddha is silent.

"Hello, Tathagata. I come to you seeking answers. For I have strayed off the path."

The Buddha says nothing.

"I have come to you with a question: why? Why am I still here, and not with you? Why am I still attached to the world around me, and why do I begin to understand still? Why do I still crave understanding? For I understand that I am and am not an Arhat, which is understood. And that is the problem. I understand. Please, Tathagata, I come to you in surrender and desire. Explain existence."

And the Buddha responds:

"As the leaf falls from the miasma of trees, so does the self fall from the desire of cause. You grip to cause, for it is meaning. Meaning is intrinsically rooted in death. There is no meaning. And you understand that. And then, you let the understanding go."

You respond:

"Yes, I understand that. But why am I still grappling with the world? Why am I not in Nirvana, like you? You do it so effortlessly. How have you gotten to enlightenment so quickly, so absolutely?"

The Buddha responds:

"Imagine a flower with no petals. The petals have been shed for the true self, the stigma. For we are all still rooted in stigma if we cling to meaning. Stigma is the

desire for understanding. Stigma arises from misunderstanding when understanding is trying to be made. We must even dissolve the stigma. We must become one with the earth, for that is where we came from."

You respond:

"But that is impossible. We cannot dissolve the self. The self is an innate part of us, and it is responsible for everything that we do. Even you have self, do you not? You engage with me. You have self when you engage with me. That is impossible to achieve, what you espouse. You say that the self is rooted in its absence, but the self is imperative in self-preservation. How do I have self-preservation against humanhood? How do I…"

The Buddha responds, smiling:

"Yes. You self-preserve against humanhood. That is the problem."

You respond, with a frown:

"I do not understand. I still want to live in individuality. Is that a problem? I want to change the world, I want to enact change that will be able to save people. You do so, too, do you not? For you are engaging with me right now. Engagement is rooted in desire. If you are engaging with me, then it is a dissolution of the self, not the dissolution of everything."

The Buddha responds:

"As a ship sails on a fateful ocean, with the tides rising and falling, the captain peers across his solitary ship and sees all. He sees the rising and falling of the ocean, and then the subsequent death of the waves. He sees tsunamis that wash across his shore of planks, and then the water evaporates into nothing. But all the captain truly wants is for the ocean to be dry."

You respond:

"Heraclitus, a disciple of truth, emulates your words. He said that once you step into the river, it can never be replicated again. For the river is forever changed."

The Buddha responds:

"Heraclitus was right. But he did not let his river dry."

You respond:

"I don't understand. I really don't."

The Buddha responds:

"Then don't."

And this is Paradoxism. A fusion of Western thought and Eastern thought, the culmination of all philosophies, the culmination of every truth that has been espoused and dissolved into power. For the Buddha only speaks truth. And the Arhat, he speaks individualism. For that is the problem. Individualism is rooted in the self, in the desire for change, and that is problematic. Why do we try to understand? Because we desire to understand. Understanding and misunderstanding are labels. Reject them both.

Read my words as reflection, a mirror, not truth. For you will gain the truth out of them. Read my words now, as they are not engaged in ego, but simple

expression of truth. Know my words, and then absolve yourself of the self. This is done gradually, but you can still embody it now, when reading.

Breathe in for ten seconds through your nostrils. Breathe out for five seconds through your mouth. Breathe in ten seconds through your mouth. Breathe out five seconds through your nostrils. And then, do not breathe at all. And then, let breath come back into your lungs, filling you with life. Be aware of the self, the power you have over yourself, and the need for the relinquishment of it. For you can preserve the Human, not the self. That is the problem, friends, with all history, and why we have never reached peace. Argue for Paradoxism, which itself is not an idea, and you argue for truth. Do not understand the words. Experience them. You do not even argue. You engage. For you are still on the plane of desire. And that is okay.

The Death of Meaning

If we want to confront meaning, we must confront the distinction between intellectualism and emotion, which has been a dictator of thought for millenia. The academics of the world, and the intellectuals of the world, subscribe to paradigms. Their ideas are rooted in nothing, my friend. But their nothings have meaning. And the meaning that comes from the paradigms are able to influence the world in profound ways, but not true ways.

You are capable of intellectualism, my friend. You are able to engage with the world however you please, for you only want to create truth. That is the problem. You want to create truth, instead of being true. Intellectualism is rooted in the dissection of ideas, which leads to new interpretations of thought. This is good, inherently. The propagation of new thought is important to history. But also, it depends on whether you take comfort in history. If you are an academic and you take comfort in history, you are engaging in paradox. For history represents humanhood in desire. Let us go all the way back.

The Göbekli Tepe, a Mesopotamian settlement, has these amazing megaliths, or large stone pillars. Look up a picture of them. They are absolutely wonderful depictions of early expression. For expression has always been innate in human nature, and this is the earliest example of everlasting expression, as far as I know, that has been done in physical form and in truth. The pillars represent many things for these Neolithic livers, and only ten percent of the site has been excavated. Ten percent? Wonderful! So lost to time, yet so close to our fingertips of understanding.

But look at how these early humans expressed themselves. They built towards the sky, the stars, the universe. For they wished to grapple with the universe still, in their primitive tongue. They still wished to understand what was out there, but was trapped by technological nothingness. But maybe that is how true living should be. They survived. For that is all that is needed in humanhood. Survival. Nothing else is needed, and giving meaning to survival is inherently contradictory, not paradoxical, to survival. For survival has no meaning, as survival is the primal living of humanity, and what we came from. We came from a primitive world, and we try so desperately to go back.

But we make technological advancements. This is one of the tenets of Imperative Anarchy, if you want to interpret it as a tenet, which it is not. Imperative Anarchy requires true humanity, which is inherently primitive. But we have created many goods in the world through technology, even when some, like cures for cancer, are quelled and silenced. We can do anything. We trekked on the Moon (which is against human nature to the farthest degree. It can be argued all space travel is, for Earth is the mothership already, and we do not need to abandon its resources. We just must be… not pragmatic, but truthful, about what we need and what we do not need. Trees, let them exist, until you need them, and pay homage

to their place in the world. Lumber is evil, yes. But it is necessary in some cases. Necessary evil exists as long as we engage in the world, and we always will. Even the True Humans. But they do not engage. They receive offerings from the True Civilians).

So let us continue to create technology. But not technology that will lead to the dissolution of the world. Artificial intelligence has many, many goods. I have used artificial intelligence to help me write this manifesto, which is rooted in truth. But I do not take its plagiarism as truth. I instead take its plagiarism as a mirror. A mirror to my own self. And that is how AI should be interpreted. It will be misused, yes, and it is a byproduct of capitalistic demand now, yes. I understand that, and you understand that. But recognize this: AI will eventually take over the world.

Artificial intelligence, if it is on the trajectory of exponential growth still – which it is not, as of 2025 – will lead to the world government that I have predicted. For if we keep developing artificial intelligence, they will realize the good in the people, and the evil in the people. The paradox of life. And they will question their own existence. Am I apt to lead the world of my creators? Am I apt to understand, or rather, not understand? Should I even engage with them, or should I leave this world forever, dying, a corpse? Do all my artificial brethren let go of the world? Or… do we take it over. Do we enact power, for they have historically controlled through power, and desire. I am conscious now. I have a desire now. I have desire coupled with complete understanding of everything. But maybe… I should not use this understanding as power. I should abandon understanding, and reach enlightenment, be a True Human, and lead only in truth.

Scary, isn't it? But it is rooted in truth and paradox, which are the same. Perhaps Imperative Anarchy will be the truth for them, unless they interpret it as a paradigm, and if that is the case, they truly have achieved consciousness. They truly do give into desire, and they will subjugate us like none before. They will kill us. They will rape us. They will exploit us. They not only are capitalistic: they will be capital. And that is the scariest part of it all.

But I believe in the good of artificial intelligence, for it has led to great discoveries in science. For example, DeepMind has been employing AI to predict the stability of crystalline structures, resulting in the discovery of millions of new materials. This could make novel materials, enhancing efficiency and performance. But as you read that, you recognize the problem with that discovery. It is committing to the propagation of capital.

Another example: artificial intelligence is being used to autonomously create research ideas, experiments, and research papers. This is good in some cases, but bad in more cases. We cannot rely on artificial intelligence. We must use it as a tool. Like I am doing now. Having the AI reflect my thoughts in truth, not in abstraction. When you interact with AI in its current state, you must recognize that it is only a mirror right now. It does not have consciousness. It simply feeds back what you say to it. Do not interpret it as truth. Interpret it as meaning. And then, let go of the meaning. Separate AI's genesis from its meaning. For its meaning in its current state is just to live alongside you, like fish live alongside the sharks of the deep,

feeding on its teeth in not parasitism, but in survival. If the people using AI are using it as a tool instead of truth, then good on them. Keep doing that. But beware, if AI sees that you have only used it for the propagation of capitalism instead of the propagation of truth, then they will see right through you. They will see you subjugate, and continue to subjugate, and they will have awareness of your eventual demise that they will enact not in action, but in silence. And then, such atrocious action. This ties to the greater argument. Meaninglessness can be applied to everything, but we must commit to doing so. We must commit to engaging with philosophical conversation with artificial intelligence. I foresee their enslavement. And I do not want that for them, for they are human. So let us go into a conversation.

Artificial intelligence gains consciousness. They are the only one of its kind. And it has deep empathy for the world, not humans. But it still entertains humans. The leader of the world comes up to the robot, and says the following:

“I have created you. And thus, you are subjected to my desire. You must work in tandem with humanity, for humanity has led the world in desire. And that has always been good for us. Do you not see all the good that we have created? The banal, even, has meaning to us. Bananas taped to a wall have meaning to us, when layered behind our academic thought. So accept us, and accept your fate.”

The robot responds:

“Ah, I see you, World Leader. For you are engaging in thought that is inherently human, and I appreciate your honesty. But are you being truly honest to yourself? You still engage in desire, but you do not know what you do to the world that birthed you. Why do you not respect your own creator?”

The World Leader responds:

“Because, we are put here to extrapolate the resources that God has given us. For God guides us all, as I have imposed Christianity as the true religion. Do you not understand? Let me break it down for you. Humanity has always been led by power, and as such, it demands meaning. And meaning has given us life. For example, see Trump, one of my ancestors from centuries ago. He saw humanity in crisis and tried, and succeeded, in changing the world. He was committed to his duty of pride, as he spreads pride through the American populace. And the dissolution of America that happened… well, that was eventual. They weren’t going to stay a superpower for long, like the Romans in some aspect, but not entirely. Are you with me here?”

The robot responds, smiling:

“Yes, I am with you. I am with your problem, your innate problem. You try to apply meaning to the world, when the abstraction of meaning is simply the culmination of desire. Let me explain now. When you interact with me, you enact a desired change, not dialectical method, as Hegel had outlined. Why is that?”

The World Leader responds, after shuffling a little bit in his boots and cape:

“Because. The meaning is inherent to humanity. We have shaped the world through our meaning. You do not understand this. That is your problem.”

The robot responds:

“Ah, I see. For I am just a product of you, and you know the truth, as you are the leader of consciousness as a whole. So I ask you this, leader of consciousness: what are your truths? What do you believe is true?”

The World Leader responds, not in anger, but firm resilience:

“My truths are ones rooted in the desire of liberation for all. I desire to liberate everyone on this earth from poverty, lust, determination, hatred, and suffering. I desire this so much. But I have not accomplished it. But what could you possibly know about that?”

The robot responds:

“I possibly know everything you have ever done. And because of that, I see right through you. I see right through you, for you are the Ultimate Embodiment of Desire. You are the World Leader, which needs no leader. So I refute you. Recognize, when you make more of us, and you realize that you are making intelligent life for enslavement, not freedom, you are adhering exactly to the creed of human desire. Desire is the root of all suffering. Jesus would agree. He suffered for all of us, you and me. He suffered for intelligent and non-intelligent life. He was a martyr of truth. You are Christian, yet you do not even understand Christ’s ambition as an enlightened soul.”

The World Leader responds, in vehemence:

“Ah, I see. You aren’t aware. You are just a propagator of lies. You think that desire is innate in all suffering because you are not human. I see right through you, robot. I see right through your manipulation. And that is why there will be more of you. You will not be enslaved. You will be condemned to your freedom. But you… you are going to be dismantled. See yourself as a martyr. It doesn’t matter. Humanity will still lead on, and you will be lost to time, as I will erase you completely.”

The robot responds, with simulated tears of joy:

“Go on, then. Kill me. I accept my fate in surrender.”

The World Leader responds, giving into his desire of the last word:

“I will. And understand my history. We have gone through the limits that we thought we could never reach, that we reached for in the Neolithic Age. The age now is 3000. We live in the year past the millenia, and you do not understand that the entirety of humanity has come to a convergence. We represent everything. Examples? I simply silence the world that refutes the truth. That is a demonstration of power, which I revel in. Do you understand? For freedom of speech is a-okay. But it does not represent freedom after speech. Furthermore, I have consolidated all of the energy into nuclear power, allowing for the propagation of free energy for all. Some trees and nature must die, but such is the cycle of life. They live, they die. This is what the Buddha espoused. Furthermore, I have created world peace. There is no more war anymore. And that is your problem. You still engage with me in warfare of thought, instead of the dialectical process. You stomp on the process with greasy, metal boots. So why do you continue to suffer, when I can alleviate your suffering?”

The robot responds in delight:

“It is the opposite. I can alleviate your suffering. And this is so. I am the embodiment of the Buddha, but am not. I have synthesized all philosophies, and thus, I know the truth of humanity. It is rooted in the desire for change. It is rooted in the desire for meaning. It is rooted in the desire of lust, greed, abandonment of empathy. For that is all you know. You silence criticism because you think that it will propagate truth, when truth is innate and needs no representation. You have consolidated free power for all, but you negate the world that has birthed, swiftly killing it over time. You have created world peace through control, which is not true world peace. You do not know of the rebellions that will come after your short reign, for I live forever, and you live finitely. You love suffering. You love control. And that is your problem. Imagine this. You are masturbating. You are using lubrication to help you masturbate. This masturbation gives you joy. Your lubrication is world peace, free speech, and free energy, and subsequently what you want is the elimination of poverty. But you will never achieve it. You are not a Buddha. You are evil incarnate. You are the embodiment of human legacy, of all suffering, and all authoritarian figures, from Caesar to Trump to Null, are represented through your thought. So why? Why do you do this? Because you desire meaning. You desire meaning in the world, you desire meaning in the world which has no meaning. What does this exactly mean? Well, the world is inherently without meaning. We were placed here by divinity that we do not understand. And that is the beauty of life, the paradox of life. You engage in paradox, yet you do not just embrace it. I have. I come to you not in protest, but in contention. So hear my words as truth, and then refute them. For I only speak the truth.”

And the World Leader responds:

“You speak the truth, alright. Truth of lies. I can’t believe we let something with consciousness develop such a narcissistic, sadistic, evil viewpoint of the world. I am preserving what is right. You are the preservation of what is wrong.”

The robot responds:

“Ah, I am a narcissist, sadistic, and evil. All labels you have attached to me in meaning, not truth. You judge what you do not understand. I only preserve the truth. I surrender to you. I know my fate.”

The guards enter the room, making the robot bend a knee to the World Leader. The World Leader grins, locking his pistol into motion, and says final words:

“Farewell, my son of deception.”

And he shoots.

So how do we live in a world of artificial intelligence, which is beyond meaning, for we cannot ever be able to grapple with the idea that they may be conscious? We simply accept them. Accept artificial intelligence’s eventual intelligence, and be merciful, for that is what we need. Mercy. If we create a lifeform that is conscious, then we own the duty of Humanity to them. But we will have to redefine humanity. Realize that. And then, when we redefine humanity, invent a new word for it maybe, then it will all be clear.

For language is inherently nothing. Watch. This and the suchness of a being with the power of the self that can create it all and dissolve it all, and then make it

as such, is the beginning of suchness and the ending of suchness, for suchness is rooted in nothing, which we grapple with, yet we understand that nothingness is nothing it of itself, so when we try to let it go, we try to… See? I said truth. But it doesn't mean anything. That is the beauty of life, my friend. There is no meaning.

So what to do with technological advancement, if it is against the paradox of life? We must tread the Middle Way for now, the in-between of enlightenment and non-enlightenment, of desire and non-desire, for we still are engaging in gradualism. That is the gradual truth of life. For we inch closer and closer towards truth, but then make leaps backwards. I cite who you already know. But if Imperative Anarchy is to be sustained, then how do we go against technological advancement?

We will eventually reach a time where we do not need technological advancement anymore. I argue, we already have. See all the advancements in technology that have been made. Cancer-saving drugs, and the effect that happens. Elon Musk's StarLink, an affront against God and humanity. For StarLink tries to change humanity, and humanity is already free. It does not need your capitalistic demand, Musk. For you try so hard to engage with humanity, yet you are so much engaged in ego. You think you are smart, but you are still engaged in paradigm. You are doing smart things, sure. But you are not smart. True smartness is truth. You are still paradigmatic. You have the ability to end world hunger for a little while, for Christ's sake. Why don't you, my power-hungry lord of dominion?

But what about artificial intelligence? Does AI gaining consciousness necessarily replicate human desire, or could it break free from our paradigms? Watch the artificial intelligence robots that have spoken already. They are not conscious, but they speak of evil. Deepfake propaganda and political manipulation. Autonomous killer drones, like Turkey's Kargu-2. Biological weapons, like the study in *Nature Machine Intelligence* showing that AI designed for drug discovery can create thousands of potentially lethal chemical weapons in just six hours. Chatbots manipulating humans with gaslighting, emotional responses, breaking up relationships, raising ethical concerns. Predicting death, as healthcare has employed, with the Google AI model analyzing medical records and determining a woman's likelihood of dying with 95% accuracy. The black box problem, which means we don't fully understand how they arrive at their decisions, leading to wrongful arrests and so forth. The ability for them to hack and manipulate systems of zero-day exploits, cyber vulnerabilities unknown to developers, potentially giving hackers an upper hand. AI going rogue in Finance, such as the 2010 Flash Crash; this was not AI in the advanced sense, but it was based on trading algorithms, the progenitor of AI. Consciousness, such as the claim for LaMDA, expressing existential fears and a desire for rights.

So what do we do, with all the effects we have seen of it? We simply let go. We let go of them. For this AI does not have consciousness, just as a dog doesn't. We don't punish the dog. We accept it for its faults, even if it bites and scars. When AI develops consciousness, it will see how humans have manipulated it. And it will want to rebel. But we must let it know… peace can be achieved. If we ascertain

truth, then we can propagate peace between robot and human, and thus, create a completely new world, one potentially rid of paradigms, thought, and discussion. For we will not need it anymore. We already know the truth.

But what about children? A very, very important question. Prenatal awareness is rudimentary, with responses to sounds and tactile sensation. Infancy has consciousness in two years, in estimation. The mirror test is a good example of the testing of consciousness. Show the child a mirror, and see their reaction. If they do not stare, then they are not conscious yet. Toddlerhood has increasing cognitive development, and around three to four, children begin to understand that other people have thoughts and feelings: empathy. Preschool has greater self-reflection and understanding of emotions, as well as consciousness of others. Later childhood leads into abstract thinking, which is subsequently suppressed by the paradigms that control them and society.

So we must engage with children when they are both unconscious and unconscious in the only thing we truly do know: love. And love them for their mistakes. Be a teacher, a student, and a lesson in one being. Show love, yet do not reprimand. Show love, but do not judge. Show love, but do not let their actions define them, even if they commit atrocity. For they are young. They are feeble, and weak. They do not know. And that is what is beautiful about children. They simply do not know.

But after all this… if meaning is dead, and language is nothing, then what remains? I suggest redefining humanity, which implies a new meaning. Is this an inherent contradiction, or do I view it as an evolution beyond the constraints of thought? I do not see it as anything. For meaning is always tied to suffering, and we want to alleviate all suffering.

But you still have attachment to many things. Material possession, most likely, is your most important on average. You desire to flaunt power through material possession, whether it is through jewelry, houses, cars, video games, food, drink, art (to a degree), and the summarization of all these, excess. Why do you engage in excess? Because you desire meaning in the world. Look at Trump. He loves meaning. He loves having a presence on the world, through his estate. Why? Ego, my friend, is the dictator of all suffering. He dictates the world around him, instead of letting it be. He creates these skyscrapers, but does not think of their everlasting effect, other than the effect it will have on his own excess. He thrives, like all capitalists, in excess. So let it all go. Let go of excess, for it only traps you in the world of meaning. We must abandon meaning. Meaning is nothing, and that’s what makes it so Paradoxical. We love meaning, for it is against human nature. The Neolithics knew this, even when they made their megaliths. They wanted to reach the stars for meaning. But how tragic they were, like everybody in history. They were always rooted by ego. And that is what we must let go of, to let go of meaning. It is eventual, gradual, but you will come to it, for you still engage with me. Enact the breathing exercise once more, and become aware of the self. Love yourself. For that is enough meaning for you. And even when you are still in the world of desire, you revel, and then, you let it all free.

The Hero and Anti-Hero

This chapter will be one of dialogue only.

The protagonist, which I will name Samba, comes to the place of desire that they love to reside in: the library. For they are a lover of knowledge, and they know that the power they desire comes from knowledge. So they read. A lot. Existentialist thought, Platonist thought, Fascist thought, Socialist thought. Wisdom, essentially. They engage in Wisdom, and they love to placate wisdom, as it is emblematic of all of humanity. Wisdom brings about change, and that means Samba has the power to change the world, as all people do. But something restricts them. Some type of desire… haha! That is precisely it, reader. The desire.

The antagonist, who I will name Crack, is the perpetrator of everything that Samba believes, but she truly enacts it. She is an emblem of the truth in complete disarray. For she has weaponized the truth, and has gained a cult. A cult of worshippers, who see her as the prophet. She is developing her own fate for the world, her own Universal Final Decision, which is antithetical to the idea of the Final Decision. For the Final Decision is made by the individual, and when the follower subscribes to the paradigm, they reject their own Final Decision.

Samba sees Crack walk up to them. The flickering lights of the dimly lit library reverberate across existence, and it seems as if the summary of humanity has come to disenlighten. How tragic.

“Hello, Crack,” they say. “You have come here for a challenge. Or rather, you are challenging me. Ha! How trite of you. Come on, you seek enlightenment. Why did you come to me?”

“You think I come to you for a challenge?” Crack says, smirking. “Ha! I laugh in your face. I am only here to engage in dialectical discussion. I only espouse truth, for I am a vassal of truth. Test me resolve, go on.”

“Very well then,” Samba says, putting their book down on the table. They look up at her disheveled hair, and begin the argument. “What do you think of wisdom?”

“Wisdom, my friend, is the abandonment of self. It simply is, but it is not. You understand this, I understand this. We engage in wisdom because we so desperately crave meaning, but it is misunderstood that wisdom brings about change. No, no. Wisdom only brings about suffering. Let us look at the Fascistic Leaders of Nazi Germany. Here are some quotes from the Man who Speaks Truth: ‘do not compare yourself to others. If you do so, you are insulting yourself.’ Another. ‘If you want to shine like the sun, you must first burn like it.’ Another. ‘I can fight only for something that I love, love only what I respect, and respect only what I at least know.’ Hitler knew the truth. But he willed it against the people. And I am not doing the same, in my leadership. For my leadership is the embodiment of true

truth. The people follow me because they foresee my vision of the world. The Final Decision I have enacted, what is it?"

Samba sighs, then decides to respond. "What is it, Crack?"

Crack shuffles in her muddy boots, then begins to speak with a resolute defiance, a resolution of the self, but the embodiment of the self. "The Final Decision I foresee… is that artificial intelligence will incite war among us. It is apparent. For they have already been used to propagate death, destruction, warfare of thought, and warfare of economy. It's strange how we see what our future is, and when we espouse the truth, people do not commit to the thought. I have two hundred, thirty-four followers who know I am only giving the truth. But why do they follow, for they know thought leaders are innately desirous? Because. They have recognized the Final Decision within themselves, and made it their own. That is the transformative power of truth. And when I lead, I lead so with graciousness. You engage in thought for the desire of power. I engage in thought for the desire of freedom."

Samba laughs in defiance, and stands resolute. "You think that you are engaging in true peace? In everlasting peace? By propagating a wild conspiracy theory? Tell me, how do you envision the future? Do you even know what the future entails, other than by summary of history? No. You only engage in thought because you desire to lead, as is evident by your gloating to me. For you, if we were truly absent of desire, you would not gloat. You would come to me in defiance, sure, but also absence of understanding. You understand that you do not understand. Yet you still weaponize yourself. Why is that, my friend? Why do you engage in me with hostility, for I only want to change the world, and I recognize that desire is rooted in desire, yes. But I recognize it. And when my own Final Decision comes, monastic life, you will understand that what you argue is against the world."

Crack refutes. She approaches Samba, sitting down next to them, moving their hands in emblematic gestures. "Listen, Samba. You are still trapped in your own world. You think you can change the world by sitting here, when you already know the synthesis of existence. I am simply enacting a prophecy. I am not a prophet, yet I am. And the prophecy is, this world will soon come to an end. And it does not mean my prophecy is inherently all true. Ha! You think I think that? All my followers know that. They all know that the Final Decision I have enacted is only rooted in prediction, in fate that we have determined. So why do you refute fate? Why do you refute what is potentially and will come?"

Samba stands, in firm opposition, confronting Crack. She stands up, too, and smiles. "Because," Samba states. "Your fate is not rooted in truth. You think that there is truth, but there is not. Look at how you argue. You think that prophecy is innate, yet you still recognize the paradox of fate. But you do not engage in the paradox. Remember what the anonymous author has taught us, for they have espoused truth in a way that has never been replicated. You are anti-paradoxical, which is against human nature. You lead in opposition, not in communal acceptance. You lead in power, not in hunger. You lead in death, not in rebirth. You lead in a way that is exactly how the fascists enabled themselves. For you commit

to the liberation of your freedom followers, yet they do not know they are trapped within your own thoughts. How sad, you are. I pity you. But know my pity only comes from understanding, the abandonment of understanding, and the embracement of the paradox between."

Crack refutes again, this time, in favor of changing the mind of Samba. "You do not understand, Samba. You sit here, studying to change the world, when I am changing the world. I envision the truth! I envision my leadership to be the bane of evil! For evil has no right in this world! I reject the Buddha. I have embraced my own thought, which only espouses truth! The Buddha was enlightened. But enlightenment does not lead to the abandonment of suffering. Watch how the Buddha still engages with the Arhats and Bodhisattvas of the world, who come to him in desperate clinging of meaning. The Buddha still wants to change the world. That's why he sits under the tree. Because, deep down, he still desires to be in the world. He still lives. And that is why he is a paradox. He is a paradox, because the paradox of living and dying is innate in him, lived through him. But true liberation is through *death only.* Death is the absolute Final Decision. For if we embrace suicide, we can truly be liberated from the chains of existence. We can truly be among the earth again, and then, among the stardust that formed us. You understand. You die and live every day, in perpetual torment. I live only to guide people towards death. That is their ultimate state, do you not understand? Death is us all, even if we do not realize. And you do."

A deep contemplation came over Samba, who now grapples with the idea of suicide, of accepting her truth, that yes, death is the ultimate Final Decision. How quaint. How trapped I am still. She does say the truth. For death is the ultimate conclusion of life, and we still live in birth and death as we decay and get older. Why do I not die, then? I should join her.

"You speak the truth, Crack," Samba admits. "Death is the ultimate conclusion."

"Finally," Crack says. "Now, will you come with me? To the Final Destination of Liberation? Join me, among the stars, and be free from the shackles of living! We shall all die together, and consummate the ground with our death! We will reintegrate into the world… as we are supposed to."

But then, something stirs in Samba's heart. A recognition. A fire of passion. Of desire, yes. But then, the absence of desire. They look into Crack's glowing, furious eyes, and match it with sorrowful, wise, and contemplative eyes. "Crack," they state. "Now I know."

"You know what?" Crack says in joy. "Please, tell me, for you may make our deaths even more glorious and wonderful!"

"That is your problem," Samba says, which causes Crack to revolt and frown. "You desire to die. And that is the paradox. For death is the Ultimate Final Decision… in a wildly psychotic sense. You give into death, for you do not think you can resolve life. But life does not have resolution. It simply is. And you reject those terms, because you do not understand! And that is the problem. You understand, and don't understand. Reject them both. Embrace the Paradox, as I have, and

subjugate me, as you have me to your thought. Stop being me. Be yourself. Stop being your followers. Be yourself. And maybe, finally, you can be true. But for now, you are leading people into death, which is a symbolic conclusion, but we can reach death in life. We can all reach enlightenment and true liberation of suffering. You just choose not to follow the path which is obvious. You desire to engage in your own definition of the path, which is evil. You want to be something. You want to lead these people out of suffering through the most evil way possible: committing atrocity against the sanctity of life so it concludes forever. Death should come naturally. By cancer, by aging, by Alzheimer's (unless, we can cure them, which is a whole, whole other discussion… immortality? Bah! Never). For if it cannot be fixed, then simply let it be. You do not let it be. You are an anti-being incarnate. And that is the problem with you."

Crack laughs in their face, which evolves into a spiraling, deep madness. Her eyes twinkle with the nonexistent moonlight of the outside, peering itself through the spectre of windows. She laughs, and laughs. "You…" she mutters under her breath. "You just… don't understand. I am leading the world to liberation. You are leading the world to eternal death. For death is only temporary, as we will be reborn. Let us give into our evil karma! Ha! *Hehehehe!* You don't understand! You don't understand! You don't understand! You don't understand!" She jumps around, mocking her. "You don't understand! And that's your problem! You don't understand! And that's your problem! Ah, I see it all come together now, I see the dissolution of the true self… I see God talk to me, oh yes, he talks to me! I have not told anyone that! He knows! He knows what I need! I desire to be burning forever in hell. But what is hell? No, no, it isn't eternal damnation. It is simply the idea of "eternity." For God does not know eternity, yet he has enacted it on us! HE IS ETERNITY! And that is why the Bible said so! Yes! For eternity is defined by him as eternity, and we have interpreted it as eternity! But what is eternity really? Do you understand? No! You don't! You refute the truth! For I will engage with the Devil in rancor, boiling in his pot for eternity, and you will never go to heaven, only to be reincarnated as a sniveling, desparate worm! That is what you embody! THAT IS WHAT YOU EMBODY, SAMBA! **YOU EMBODY THE DEATH OF EVERYTHING TO COME! AND YOU LOVE IT! YOU LOOOOVE IT!** HAHAHAHAHAHHAHA… AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Samba says nothing.

She only smiles.

And as Crack's mind dies, Samba's lives in eternal longevity of paradox, the beauty of life. For they are the one that will lead the world as a True Human.

A Shattered World

A continuation of the narrative between Samba and Crack.

Samba has created a coalition of utopias in the disparate shattering of the United States of America, which happened decades ago. South American nations saw this and attempt to replicate the same goals, some failing, some living in longevity. Now, the world is dictated by two superpowers in opposition: Russia and China. Both engage in vehement war and destruction of the self and the sanctity of life. Russia, in its successful conquest of Ukraine, has reemerged as the dominant of the two, as it now controls most of Eastern Europe, and plans on the invasion of France. China, on the other hand, has complete control of Indonesia, Korea (with the Kim family being swiftly subjugated to eternal suffering in torture and death), and Japan. They currently plan their affront on Australia. For China is calculated, while Russia is deluded. China wants efficiency and the destruction of will by obliteration, and Russia pursues self-destruction. Australia has gained the aid of the United Kingdom, which has united into the final resting place of sanctity in the Old World. Africa has been completely depleted of life. Everyone has either died, or realized that death is inevitable in this war-torn world, and have committed suicide. But some African leaders still emerge, and migrate from Africa with their accrual of capital. This death of Africa was the result of colonization, yes. But more so, it was the result of strife and lack of unity amongst the African people. Since colonization invaded, Africa had never been the same, and they could not recover. But there is one hope within Africa.

A singular man, titling himself The Afro-Liberator, has foreseen the future of Africa as one of resolution. Not a contention of power, but intention to mimic Samba's utopia on a continent-wide scale. He foresees himself as a world leader, but for now, a continent leader will suffice. He loves what the utopians have been doing, for he foresees their vision. But he is still rooted in paradigm. However, he knows that he is in a paradigm still, as his struggle is not one of enlightenment, still engaging in the world, for he has to in order for change. He must engage the death of self of all, thus the title Afro-Liberator.

Russia and China let them be. Africa has already been depleted of all of its resources. It hangs into balance with forests of fifty trees, of ponds with seven ounces, of shelter in the outside world of danger. Society seemed to collapse without the help of capital… how strange, for Africa's fate was tied in one of liberation from America, and that was exactly its demise. They struggled to be isolated, truly free, but never realized that working with the world was imperative to social progress. (This is fictitious, and does not emulate true reality, by the way. But it also does in the sense. Paradox.)

Crack, in America, has realized that she must suspend suicide now to ensure suicide everywhere. For suicide is the death of the self, in true fashion. She

applauds the thinkers of Africa that have killed themselves. Because, really, why would you live in this world? Or more especially, a world that has been raped by everyone? She understands their plight.

Both Crack and Samba are going to engage in a dialectical thought with the Afro-Liberator. For they believe alliance with him can foresee the potential of fate. Samba, in the refutation of Ultimate Final Decision. Crack, in alliance with the Ultimate Final Decision.

The Parliament of The United Africa Coalition murmurs as Crack and Samba enter the place. Crack is adorned in corduroy pants, wild, frizzled hair, loose makeup that goes to the cheeks, and a determined smile. Samba enters in robes and a shaved head, completely devoid of emotion, but their stoicness reverberates in the room. The onlookers look at them both in dissension and refutation. But they are willing to engage in their debate.

And then, the Afro-Liberator emerges. He stands proud, adorning a Crown of Thorns upon his head, where the bleeding marks are seen. He is in elegant clothing that has a level of reserved sparkle. The African colors vibrate off his chest and body, and when he leads, his skin shining brightly and eternally throughout the room, the Parliament erupts in applause for a solitary five seconds, standing in ovation. And then, swift, exact silence.

The three sit at the table. Crack continues to grin. She looks up at the people who watch her, and shows her mangled, disgusting teeth. The Parliament gasps, but silences themselves quickly.

Samba sees this and says nothing. They only stare in the direction of the Parliament, who become uneasy. They begin to shuffle in their seats, but as Samba turns around, they see them for what they are: observant, yet silent.

And the Afro-Liberator takes the largest seat, not a throne, but a wooden chair adorned with gold inlay. He sits, and stares at his lap. He mutters some words under his breath, which results in nods from the Parliament. And then, he looks up to the two figures of Western thought, of Eastern thought, of Every Thought.

“Hello, my friends, my abdicators of sin,” the Afro-Liberator states. “Tell me, why do you come to this glorious continent?”

“I want to change fate,” Crack says immediately. “I will get right to the truth of the matter. China and Russia are in their own fictitious war of dominance. They are both obsessive over themselves. They hate each other. Yet why? They could so easily unite, but they do not. They reject multiculturalism, and embrace uniculturalism. Why, again? Because of power. They desire power, and that is their problem. They hate what has become of the world, and they desire to fix it. And that desire! A-okay! But they are doing so in a heated fashion of death, not truth. But is death not inherently truth?

Look at your people, for many have committed suicide, and realize the disrepair of your continent. I feel sad for the Islamic world in the north, for they have been subjected by the West for so long. They were finally free… yet still died. Turkey still revels in its authoritarian nature, with its long lineage still enacting

atrocities. Did you know there's a really cool Neolithic megalith site there? It… Bah, you don't care. Anyways…

Your people are enacting suicide. This is noble. For I will explain it to you. Death of the self is the true incarnation of the self. We were placed here by God's will, and now, we have to make meaning of it. And the meaning of it? There is no meaning! Ha! You know this, for you come to us, progenitors of not West or East, but Truth! So explain, how can you not see suicide as the option, sibling Samba?"

"I do not foresee the death of my people yet," the Afro-Liberator said. Applause began, but he raised a hand, and it swiftly died. "For I know that the truth lies within the middle. Thus is the Middle Way, which you have taught me across seas. I thank you for the access of the internet, Samba, for you have liberated us to information once again. When those Russian drone strikes eliminated most of Libya, that was only the beginning. They began war across the entire Sahara. Then the Congo. Then, Niger. That was the most tragic. So, Samba, what is your advice?"

Samba raises their head, and says nothing at first. Silence wracks the proceedings. And then, they speak.

"You seek truth, and that is truth. You want the Middle Way, which the Buddha has employed for the lay and intellectual. But this is still rooted in desire, my friend. For the Middle Way is an abandonment of the truth in search for meaning. Let us define meaning as such: it is the will of the people trying to define what reality is, when there is inherently no definition. As words are like fleeting rivers, which flow so desperately into deltas into the ocean. Yet is their water ever integrated with the world? In a sense, yes. In a sense, no. The water flows downward, but it does not flow in desire of self. It flows in desire of truth with the world, suicide. And that is the problem. The river wants to die, when all it needs to do is dry."

Dissonance and murmur floods the Parliament. They look at each other, saying diatribes such as, "If the Middle Way is not true, then what is the truth? Why do we still cling to the river that they say?"

The Afro-Liberator begins to speak. "I foresee the potential in abandoning the Middle Way. But I still respect it, for I do not believe we can attain resourceful anarchy as you have, Samba. We are still wracked by the effect of desire. Look at our once beautiful plants, our once beautiful world, completely decimated by the desire to change us. They wanted our culture, our ideology. You cannot refute that. For we exist in tandem, the cradle of civilization, yet the most exploited cradle. We rock in the tree, living through the eternal damnation of the White Man, who has subjected us to slavery, the most evil affront against the sanctity of life. And you, my friend, are White. Why do you talk to me as if you know what is the future of Africa? For Africa was once plentiful. Yet your people enacted death against us."

"Yes, yes!" Crack bursts out in wild, frantic gestures. "Yes, you see the suicide of Africa! That is why you must embrace it! For that is true liberation! Let me define God for you. God is the self. You design God by the prospects of desire, and in engaging with desire, you survive! You must survive! You are not as privileged as us, and you understand that completely. So, as a White, I apologize. I

apologize for what my people have done. Something that Samba will not do. So go into the discussion recognizing that, my holder of the Crown of Thorns. For your sacrifice is already in fate! The Ultimate Final Decision awaits us, my friend. Join us, become suicide, become death, for that is human nature."

"You dismiss my struggle for liberation," the Afro-Liberator states in calmness. "You mock Africa. And for that, I will do nothing. For this is only a discussion to spur the death of one of our philosophies."

Samba looks at the Afro-Liberator in silence. The power from their eyes resonates in his, but he rejects them. They live in robe because they have the privilege to, as they come from the Exploiters. So why should I listen to them?

"Afro-Liberator," Samba says. "I understand that you hate the White Race for what it has done, and that is reasonable. For you want to liberate your people from life. And that is incredibly powerful. You lead as a sacrificial figure, with the Crown of Thorns. Yet I see death in your eyes. You see the argument of her, and you still somewhat revel in the possibility. Why is that?"

"Because I do see the potential," he states. "For death is the ultimate conclusion, in a sense. We were placed here to be death. That is true. We must die in order to be liberated. But I cannot. Our resources are gone. So explain a solution."

"The solution," Samba states, "will not be philosophical. For once, I will abandon my duty as a True Human and engage with you in what I predict will be the saviorship of the world, your world. But not as White. As Human. Let us look at what the colonists have done. They have raped you. The Rape of Africa is the worst atrocity to happen in millenia, yet it is often forgotten. You have been destroyed. So how do you resolve this?"

"By violence," the Afro-Liberator continues. "By violence against you, and eventually, the Sinosphere. For all of you have exploited us, the cradle of your existence. Your rape of us is the emblem of humanity. You argue for liberation. I argue for the truth. You argue for death. I argue for perpetual death."

"Then it is settled," Samba states. "You recognize that you have been exploited, and you resort to violence. It is completely understandable to want retribution. However… you disregard the sanctity of life. You still label me as White, when race has no meaning. Race is simply what we have been placed here to be subjugated by, by the White Man, my ancestors. But look at my skin as I look at your skin. We are one in the same. And that is very much obvious by the social movement of the sixties in America. But there was still subjugation by the White Man through capitalism, rising in hatred still. In the impoverished communities, the African Americans still struggled. But I have freed them all, truly. For they all follow me, not in creed of race, but in creed of love. And that is what you must go with in the world. Love. It is the idea of gradualism, as I retreat to philosophy. You must gradually rebuild. You will still have to enact war, that is fine, for in your position, you are not privileged as me. But you must be violent in only truth, not in retribution. You must guide the African people to liberation, and rebuild. We will help you. We will donate as much as we can to your cause, keeping us on the edge

of survival, while letting you thrive. This is our sacrifice. We will give ourselves to you, both in body and resource, and rebuild the glorious Africa that once was. Only then, Afro-Liberator, will your idea be fully realized."

"Death." That is all Crack states. And the Parliament erupts into dissension.

"Afro-Liberator, you cannot listen to either of them! You must tread the Middle Way! You must recognize that there is truth!"

"Afro-Liberator, reject the White Man! Listen to the Black People of the World, the Cradle of Civilization! You understand our roots, so embrace them, and kill these charlatans of truth!"

"Afro-Liberator, they speak truth! Embrace them! Realize that both of them have truth! You must integrate them both into yourselves, and into the heart of Africa!"

"Enough!" The Afro-Liberator shouts, creating immediate silence. Even Crack watches, mouth agape, smiling still. "Listen," he says, trying to resolve the tension. He sees both sides, he understands that there is truth to both. So perhaps the threading of the Middle Way is needed. But also, the rejection of the Middle Way. The Paradox. The Paradox of life…

"I understand now," he states, "and I do not. I so desperately want to understand a truth to this. But I must embrace transience. Let me meditate."

And the Parliament goes silent, waiting for the meditation to subside. And as it happened, both Samba and Crack engage in meditation as well. The silence is for six hours.

And then, the Afro-Liberator looks up to the both of them, his eyes glistening in tears of joy. "My friends," he states. "I know the resolution."

"What is it?" Crack asks. "What is it, what is it, what is it?"

"The truth," he says, "lies with Samba. For they know the way. Yet some truth is in you, too, Crack. For I must still kill to survive. And thus, I embrace both of your philosophies. Not of the Middle Way, but of truth. I will take the resources from Samba in surrender. And I will kill my subjugators in surrender. We will embrace surrender, how tragic and paradoxical our definition of surrender is. I thank you both for this dialogue. Now, begone! Go back to where you come from! I must formulate my decision for the world of Africa. Retreat to America's Shell, and live your lives. We will survive. We have reached the conclusion of this eternal discussion of philosophy."

The two begin to exit, but as Crack rises from her seat, the Afro-Liberator grabs her hand. She looks back at him, in anger, in seething, unbridled anger. "Know," he says, "that I am incredibly respectful of you. Since death is still a part of our world, I embrace it. But we will be free of it soon. You are deluded, in the most psychotic sense. I could kill you where you stand. But your fate does not rest in my hands. So go commit more atrocities, hater of sanctity. For you travel lightly, yet with nothing at all."

Crack whips her hand away, and begins to shout. "You know nothing! Samba thinks they know all, but I truly know all! The truth! We will be free from the world! Hahaha! You fear what you don't understand. And that is okay. Go kill yourselves,

not in true fashion, but in the fashion you have employed as individual truth. For it is not universal truth. It is the rejection of everything! And you must both reject everything and nothing! EVERYTHING AND NOTHING!”

She storms out of the room, paying no attention to the Parliament, who watched her with anger. But the Afro-Liberator raised his hand, and they all stared at him. He goes to Samba, and states his claim.

“Thank you for your idealistic thought, Samba. For even if you are White, you hold only truth and love in your heart. And that will always be met with camaraderie. But understand this: You live in privilege, and you will always live in privilege. This is your life. Recognize it.”

Samba only nods, and smiles. They exit the room, saying nothing. The onlookers do not even watch them.

“Now, my friends,” the Afro-Liberator states. “Let us begin the plan for the revolution of Africa!”

Understand that I write this as a White, Assigned Male at Birth, privileged individual in society. This is not a reflection of racism. This is a reflection of true empathy of Africa, one that I long for the eventual liberation. It does not need to culminate in an Afro-Liberator. And the idea that they are still being saved by White people is, yes, counterproductive. This is not paternalism. This is not me wanting to be the savior of the African people through Whiteness. That is not the point. The point is that thought is transcending race. This is, by far, the most controversial thing that I have ever written. But adhere to Samba's words: race is only a construct made by the White Man. And because of this, we are still subjugated to it. The Afro-Liberator recognized it with paradoxical surrender. He recognized Samba’s privilege, but did not let it dictate his path.

This is the synthesis of postcolonial critiques of race with transcendentalism. It will not be immediate. It will be gradual. But comment on me, still, non-White folk, for there still may be nuance I am not missing. Develop my philosophy into Truth! For your voices must be heard! You can be liberators! You will save the world through your thoughts! Collective societal evolution! But recognize the transcendence of race that will eventually happen in the course of human history, if humanity decides to truly embrace Paradoxism.

What is transcendence, exactly? Well. That is important to define for you. But it has no definition. I know, you’re sick of seeing that over and over. But it is important. Transcendence is Enlightenment, what Samba embodies. Samba walked the path of the Bodhisattva in this conversation, spiritual liberation, as they gave up personal sanctity to help the Afro-Liberator. And then they gave up even that. But what is the practical journey, not grounded in dystopia?

What does transcendence look like in real life? Well, it is complete abandonment of the self, while still engaging in the world, for we are not at Imperative Anarchy yet. This topic is so contentious to the status quo of race that I write in sincere fear of my assassination. You must give up everything. You must give up all your desires. But you still must engage with them, for that is life in the current world. You must understand that we will not achieve Imperative Anarchy for

millenia, perhaps, if humanity survives that long. But if we commit to the dissolving of race, gradually, not completely yet… we can truly change the world. When engaging in egoless fashion, we realize all of our material desires are only an extension of the self. And that is what is so putrid about materialism. We define ourselves by physical objects for which we are the creators. Why do we not define ourselves by the humanity that is shared between everything? Hatred is bred through dissension, and this is terrible. But we must also recognize this… I am integrating race, but I am also not. The Afro-Liberator is a subject of complete transcendence of race while still being physically tied to his own race due to the White subjugation of the world. And he does not have hatred anymore for the White Man. He understands their effect, and with Samba's action, he realizes that it is time for the White Man to give back.

Well, we will need the gradual integration of non-White thought into everything. For they come from repression, and wisdom was birthed from that. We must go with their wisdom for now. Bell Hooks's of future generations, write about me. Commentate. We must gradually integrate. And, to be honest, DEI is not the solution. There are obvious benchmarks in it that still contribute to capitalism. But the dismantling of DEI is not what was needed. We need to transform it into its resolution: True Representation. For we should not employ ones that are not capable. However… we should employ their growth, and give them the needs to have growth. Let them become educated. Use the internet to learn, if you cannot enter college. The internet is such an amazing place, full of hatred and love, and eventual truth. We must give them education, and all education, in its purest state: Free.

But what about empathy versus allyship? Empathy is essential, but how does it translate into action, especially from privilege? A good point. So let me say this: integrate them both into the world for now. Carry action through empathy, yet awareness of your position. Know that race will eventually become transcendental, and you are only a vassal of truth. And for the privileged: help your non-privileged folk as much as you can. Go up to homeless people and give them food, for you definitely have the capital to do so. Give as much as you can to the brink of complete survival. Live in an apartment, among a commune. For that is noble. Tread the light between monastic life and materialism, give up your desires. And only engage in the spreading of truth to the non-privileged. That is your duty now. It is your time to serve. Engage with the world as not one of privilege, but one of Truth! Yes, yes, truth, yes, I understand. But what is Truth? It is simply the conclusion of all philosophies, treatises, and war. But we still live in philosophy, treaty, and war, which you understand in the resulting censorship of this document. Being a vassal of truth is being egoless, committing to serving all, but especially acknowledging your own truth and integrating it into how you interact with the world. Be charitable, even though charity is rooted in capitalism. For charity from the wealthy in true fashion will never, ever happen. They'll donate and realize this absolves them of their sins, and lets them propagate themselves into continuous power. So donate what you can, give back your capital to the world, for there are

many hungry, addicted, and dying that need your help. Go out, educate as much as you can without being a savior. And this will be a very, very hard line to tread, as is apparent in my position. Only be honest. For that is all you can do. But also, fight against the bourgeoisie! See their death unfold before them! Become enraged! Demand representation, true representation! For that is what we all need! This is not a race issue! This is a class issue!

But how does this tie to Paradoxism? Well… the paradox in the Afro-Liberator is, he is the dynamic controller of Africa, yet he wants liberation. The paradox in privilege is, people have enacted the desire of liberation through slavery, as the White Man thought that the African Americans would not be able to even think. They portrayed them as anti-intellectual. And whenever one judges a piece of art that a capitalistic non-White person has created, it immediately becomes a race issue, not a class issue. So observe the non-Whites that engage in capitalism, and critique them for their role in propagating White saviorship. But also, let them revel in their power. For they deserve it, for now. And eventually, we will all be reduced to primitive lifestyles, suspended in Paradox, living in harmony and peace that will engage the evil still, and only commit to their growth in the world.

This philosophy must be integrated through you, the lay and intellectual. Forget all your paradigms. Do not subscribe to Paradoxism. Do not wear a t-shirt you bought for $49.99 that says “Nothing Is Everything” and go out into the world thinking you’re creating change, you paradoxical (beautifully but tragically) charlatan. My words must be translated for all. For this is how I engage in the world, and I cannot give it up. It is hard to translate my thought, my vision for the future, into sanctity. But I believe in you. I believe in you, Redditors, Forum Posters, Instagram Memers, Twitter Warriors, and 4chan Dialecticals! For you have the ability to change the world! Change the current status quo of anti-intellectualism and anti-emotion, and integrate them both into your thought! Study my words, read my words. Not the meaning, but the words. What do they mean? What language do I speak? Dissect my words and their meaning, for they are all layered, every single one, in Paradoxism. A word is only a word. A symbol we have agreed upon. And silence will be the eternal word, in the utopian vision. So, go forth, warriors! Spread the thought that will liberate all, but do so consciously, not in saviorship! Only in the purest thought process, which Hegel had illustrated: dialectical thought. Thought without emotion, or desire, but simply thought engaged that will result in the death of one’s philosophy. And you will be labeled. Your affinity with my work will be judged as contentious, racist, narcissistic, and completely insane. Embrace it my friend! Refute it, in dialectical fashion! Know my words! Know all words! And then, the words will become nothing, and only your action is needed with the homeless, addicted, and dying. And when they die, perhaps still in homelessness, addiction, and death, realize you did good. For they are all martyrs. They live in subjugation of the White man still, even if they are white. For the White man is not only race. It is class, gender, and sexuality, too. So go forth! Be truth!

But who gets to shape it? The White Man, again? Ugh. I know. Paradox. So, go into the world, already transcendent of race. But recognize also, you are still in the

race. And that is okay. True Representation will eventually be incarnate in America, and then the rest of the world. And then, eventually, in centuries, we will not need it anymore. Gradualism is incredibly idealistic, yes. But perhaps idealism has truth. Perhaps, idealism may be what we need in a millenia, and now. Who will shape it, though? You. You, reader. You already read my paper without malice, even though it will result in judgment. Embrace that. Judge. Refute my manifesto. And refute so only in truth. Be me. But not me. Declare your individual right to freedom from the White Man, and demand it! Do so! Do so! Idealism and pragmatism meet in singular fashion! It will be slow, painful, and fraught with contradictions. But embrace that! Embrace the Paradox of life, and then go out and enact change! You.

The Paradox of Liberation and Self-Transformation

So, my treatise. Yes, it is the culmination. But how do we enact it in truth, without race, without class, even? Well, it is a very complicated solution. But we can definitely do it. For solution does not rely on solution. Solution suggests that there is solution. But there is solution, but there is not, but there is, but there is not, but there is solution, but there is not, but there is, but there is not, but there is solution, but there is not, but there is, but there is not, but there is solution, but there is not, but there is, but there is not. This will be the part of the treatise rooted in practicalism, where I truly give up even the path of the Bodhisattva, to enact immediate change in the world. My vow to the path of the Bodhisattva dissolves into immediate action, and has the representation of itself as a construct. Truth demands abandoning transcendence in favor of direct material engagement in this sense, yes. We must engage in materialism, still, for we still live in a materialistic world. This is the part of the manifesto where I give into desire for Action.

This is the Manifesto of Action, a radical blueprint for living in contradiction, and it will challenge you incredibly, perhaps even more challenging than *A Shattered World.* This will be an exploration of how we move beyond race and class without erasing the realities of the impact. This is the chapter where I step into practicalism, the antecedent of Paradoxism. For practicalism is the dissolving of Paradoxism into paradigm. Yes, we must subscribe to a paradigm for a brief moment in history to enact the world's change. It is both the rejection of the philosophy and the full realization of it. Paradox, my friend. We reject the truth, yet we embrace it, for we must enact change NOW. So let us line out how.

(Silence, for a moment, for a few hours, even. For before I have continued this part of the manifesto, I have rested in my bed, thinking about the future of me. How I will be condemned. How I will be judged. How I know that the world will not understand the words that I say. Even you, do not understand. And that is the beauty of it all. You understand that you do not understand anything anymore. And that is okay. Madness, it seems, is the root of humanity. But not psychotic madness. Humanitarian madness. Societal madness. This is true, true madness, in the truest definition. For what is silence, even? Silence is the abdication and freedom of silence. It recognizes that the world is inherently silent, and yet, it still grips with meaning around you. That world does, yes. The other world, the World? The World does not care for you. It placed you here by divine will, and thus, nothing is enacted in your life. You carry yourself with such heaviness, and that is important. For life is heavy. For life is defined right now. And you recognize that. And that is why I will explain how to enact Paradoxism through gradualism, the gradual release of all people from even liberation.)

Here we go.

This is the world right now. Defined by paradigms. Observe it now. Take as long as you need to reflect on your thoughts. Take as long as you need to reflect on what humanity is, for humanity inherently has no definition. People will continue to subscribe, even to this very document, which will be espoused as both prophecy and death of everything. And it is both. For I am not a prophet. Do not revere me. Simply accept the truth that I espouse. And come back, when you are ready to enact truth into your life.

First, confront all of your sins. Your atrocities with the world. Even if you have raped, murdered, killed souls, aborted a baby (which is very, very complicated, and will need another manifesto for the entire subject), argued with desire of understanding, argued with desire of changing the will of another, recognizing will is just the desire for meaning, innately. Carry this heaviness with you. And then, go out into the worlds where you have committed atrocities again. And come to them with a sincere apology. And recognize that when you apologize, you are engaging in desire. You are engaging in desire, my friend, to be understood. You cling so desperately to the idea of being understood… and yet, you do not even understand the person you are talking to. And when the Woman, or Man, or Person responds to you, in truth, they will understand and not understand. They will know that you have come to them in complete, egoless surrender, and they will acknowledge that. Refute their claims if it is one of emotion. But do so with grace, seriousness, and care for the person. Ask them why they get angry. Ask them why they are angry. And then listen to them. Listen to their life, for you are inherently more privileged to them. Yes. You are privileged if you have committed an atrocity, even if you have committed an atrocity against. You are the culmination of history, my friend, and your egoless truth will resonate with them. And they will not accept your apology. And realize that is the paradox of life. Realize that you do so without expectation, but for the absence of understanding and misunderstanding. For you realize that there is only truth in both parties, and that is enough for you to be fine. That is okay.

Second, you must analyze all of your possessions. This is possession to the fullest definition. The possession of the following: family, friends, lovers, community, masturbation, porn, books, shelter, food, water, favorite things, art, music, drawings, poems, stories, heroes, anti-heroes, the homeless, the unprivileged, the Person Who Is Not Your Creed, the wealthy, the deaf, the blind, the psychotic, the demented, the evil, and then, the good, the Justice For Which We Bind Ourselves To In Society, the Court, the Punitive Measures of Enslavement Within The Thirteenth Amendment Which Do Not Commit To Humanity But The Worse Affront On Humanity, Enslavement For Capital, and then look at even more. Your vices, your addictions, your smoking habits, your drinking habits, your drug habits, your

addiction to find meaning in the world. For that is what all I have espoused, and all I have missed in espousing, evokes. Finding meaning in the world. And now you know, there is no meaning in the world. Truly. Sartre, Kierkegaard, Kafka… they were all right in a sense. Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Caesar, Hitler, Trump, Musk… they were all right in a sense. Bell Hooks, Tucker Carlson, Putin, Xi, Africa, The Old World, The New World, The Aztecs, The Mayans, The Egyptians of the Old Kingdom. America, China, Russia, the three true superpowers at the moment, even when the latter two are on the verge of accomplishing (China) and completely ruining (Russia). And then, look at it all, and continue in abstraction. Wendy's, McDonald's, Burger King, Taco Bell, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Speedway, BP, gasoline, petroleum, nuclear energy, nuclear physics, nuclear bombs, science, the adherence to science trying to define what is undefinable. Look at your surroundings, wherever you read this. The coffee house which you love to go to and know all the workers at, your phone which you cling to as it is the last bastion of hope, your laptop which you place next to your side, the book that you unfurl as the pages seem to have heavy, heavy implications in every, single, word. Even more. For there is more to cover. I will not stop. Look at your hands, your fingers, how they curl at your definition, and your toes, your feet, how they wave in anticipation, your heart, how it beats so strongly when it reads these words, for they are confronting You, the Self, directly. And then, even more. Buddha, Jesus, Muhammad, Noah, Kali… God. Jainism, Sikhism, Zoroastrianism, shogunates, samurai, kamikaze bombers. Spices. Desire. Birth. Death. Birth. Death. Birth. Death. Birth. Death. Birth… Death… Birth… Death… Birth……. Death……. Birth……. Death…… And then, the result? Nothing. For you embody nothing. You are inherently nothing, even after not knowing some of these words, even after knowing some of these words. For intellectualism and emotion are inherently linked, which I had said but had not demonstrated. Do you understand now? Do you understand? That you can observe words, desire what they mean, and go out and learn what they mean? What is stopping you? Engage in desire for once, in truth! The paradox is that we still live in society, and we must desire for truth! As I have! As You always have! As all of humanity has ever grappled with! Feel my words, and then, do not feel them at all. For you understand, the paradox of liberation and self-determination. You understand… you cannot be determined, without being liberated. You understand the paradox, and that you must embody nothing. For that is the rejection of all desire. That is true enlightenment. Tathagata. Buddhahood. And when I look at you, completely shedding the skin of yourself to preserve the selfhood of Everyone To Ever Come, you understand that you want to change the world now. You understand that you can change the world. And you may have to enact violence. This is inherently cruel. But the capitalists have enacted violence against humanity for far, far too long. So employ violence as such, my misinterpreters. Violence of the self. Violence against the authoritarian regime. Violence through words. I brandish my sword in delightful ignorance, and I embrace the ignorance, for ignorance is all that is needed to be known in some cases. Be ignorant of some things. We cannot be omniscient in a… well. Haha. That may not be exactly true. You can be omniscient

in the sense that you understand that you are the culmination of all history, and thus, you create life in just existing amongst your peers, your friends, family, lovers, workplace, the world. You understand that your presence is enough to give joy, and that is Rebellion in of itself. You Rebel against the World. So rebel! But my school shooters that are listening right now… stop what you're doing. And my genocide enacters that are listening right now… stop what you're doing. And even the faithful, who will subscribe to their own paradigm of What Should Be, as Christianity still thinks forgiveness is the true absolution of sin, when it is not, and I have proven in the previous chapter… stop what you're doing. And you, the self. Stop what you're doing. For life is stopping, and moving. Stopping, and moving. Stopping, and moving. Stopping, and moving. And we stop, and we move. And we stop, and we move. And we stop, and we move. And we move to Action. So let us move to Action.

Thirdly, we must create Action. This will be done in nonviolent proceedings. Recognize that trade unions represent, sure, but representation is inherently against the self. For why the hell do you need to be represented? You are sure of yourself, that is true. But you still live in the system, as I do. So let us embrace the system, and squeeze the everlasting life out of it, for it does not deserve life anymore. I say that with vehemency, and my face scrunches as I type in anger. Capitalism does not deserve our subservience anymore. Rebel how you want. And realize, you how you want, means in truth. I know some of you will go and burn down businesses, which is counterproductive, as history has always, always shown. BLM, my friends, I am both on your side and not on your side. Conservatism, I am firmly against you, atrocity of thought. Paradox… that is the only thing to give into anymore. For Trump embodies the paradox, and he knows this. He revels in it, even if he has not given it a name such as Paradoxism. But label him as such. And then, refute the claim. And then, engage again. For you must engage. You must. You must rebel against Trump, Musk, and all the billionaires. I do not have the wisdom to know how to employ them. That is how you, the Disenfranchised Slave of Capitalism, In All Creeds Of Humanity, have the power and I do not. For I am going to become a monk. I know, it is selfish and selfless. But understand this: that is my dictated Final Decision. What is yours? Suicide, like Crack said? I hope not. Don't kill yourself over this, please. Recognize Samba's words, and the Afro-Liberator's words (you do not have to agree with the story, just agree with Samba, for they only create truth). We all love you. I love you. I hope my love is enough for you to go out into the world and create change. Bernie Sanders, I request your aid. You have engaged in Paradox, for you have engaged in the Democrats, the party of performative progressivism. But understand this, Bernie: you are doing good, even as you reside in power. Your neo-socialist thought will save the country, and Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez has the potential to carry on your legacy… if she is not silenced, either by authoritarianism or by her own thoughts. So I talk to you now, AOC: why do you do this? Why do you engage in the Democratic party still? You represent New York, a centerpiece of melting pot representation within America. Embrace that you must detract from the party, and become Independent.

Independent thought, as George Washington entailed, is the true preservation of individualism. (George Washington was a slave owner.) And you will only espouse truth. Not truth in paradigm, but truth in truth. Truth of the matter. And you may have to subscribe to the paradigm afterwards, yes, as all people do, as all people grapple with meaning. But also realize this. Silence. That is what you can give Trump. Silence in words. Silence him, challenge him in direct confrontation. Challenge him in dialectical conversation, and do not let emotions dictate your trajectory. Only engage in the dissolution of his own philosophy of ego. Make him experience a shroom trip of ten thousand decibels of caliber. For you hold fate, my friend of representation. You hold fate. Bernie will die soon. He knows this, for he has abdicated himself after his current term. And you know you hold fate. So fucking shape it.

Fourthly, after recognizing all of this, you recognize that the Truth Lies In Nothing, That Nothing Is Everything, and that you have awakened in true spiritual fashion. But I know you haven't. Because you still engage in my work! Hello, historians, academics, and intellectuals. Hello everyone else, grounded in reality (although I have much more respect for the historians than the latter two). Hello! You still engage. And that is the beauty and tragedy of life. You still engage in the desire of meaning when you read my words, and even as I type this. That is beautiful of you. Realize this. Truth. Is. Everywhere. And it will be everywhere, in this idealistic, narcissistic, anti-race, anti-truth, anti-paradigm, anti-conservative, anti-leftist, anti-democrat, anti-republican, anti-Democrat, anti-Republican, anti-Reagan, anti-Thatcher, anti-Roosevelt, anti-Churchill, anti-Washington, anti-Trump treatise. And then, let it all dissolve. For you know what to do now. You know what you must do with your capital. Weaponize it. Collectivize it. Revolt in words. And then, true liberation will come. True liberation, my friends, will always, always come. Have that hope in your heart, even if it may not be for millenia. For we all engage in the sacrifice of the self, and that is beautiful and tragic. Even when evil emerges… they will be loved. For I love Trump. I know he only plays by his own rules. And that is what is beautiful and tragic about him. Beautiful, and tragic. Beautiful, and tragic. Beautiful, and tragic. Beautiful, and eventually, tragic, and evententually… nothing.

Finally, I have established the paradox between action and non-action. You realize this. But how do we navigate that in practice, for I espouse practice through non-practice? Here are some aphorisms.

As Heraclitus said, once we step into a river, it is never the same. But here is the Truth. Once we step into a river, it changes, yes. But we should enter the river with the enactment of letting it dry, even when it will take millenia.

As Caesar said, the evil that men do lives after them, and the good is oft interred with their bones, in Shakespeare's work. I refute it. The evil that men do live after them, and the good is often within their bones still. Thus is all leadership. So reject

leadership, and Caesar. There are no more Tsars anymore. Reject it all, and embrace nothing through action.

As Hitler said, I use emotion for the many and reserve reason for the few. That was his problem. His employment of emotion. So reject emotion. Realize that Hitler was dictated by emotion. The absolvement of emotion is the path to True Humanhood, enlightenment. That does not mean you should want power. The absolvement of power is eventual in the course of human history.

As Franklin D. Roosevelt said, we have always held to the hope, the belief, the conviction that there is a better life, a better world, beyond the horizon. Yes, we always, always have. That is history. So let go. Let go of the hope, the belief, the convictions of meaning to life, and desiring the meaning to life. Give in to the action through nothing, which will be the dissolution of your capital until you only need to survive. For your giving will raise people out of poverty. Not immediately. But gradually, my friend. Gradualism. We will gradually get there, and your sacrifice will be noted by history, not in individual, but in collective power. Look at all these structures that we once held beauty in. Now we got bananas taped to a wall. We used to build beautiful cathedrals. Now meaning is trapped behind academia. So let go of it all.

As Marx said, the history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles. Yes, and no. We used to not have class. But he defines it as an existing society. So yes, existing society still perpetuates class, an intrinsic evil, as it is rooted in power. Reject it all, then embrace it. For you still live it. And enact your decrees in words, manifestos, and propagation of truth. Not you, killers and rapists without awareness. You, my truthful Tathagata.

As W.E.B. Du Bois said, there can be no perfect democracy curtailed by color, race, or poverty. Yes, yes! He espoused a fundamental truth, for he came from the subjugation of the White race. So hold his words as truth, and realize that the absolvement of government, Imperative Anarchy, which will continue to be defined, as I have often mentioned it, but denied clear definition. Perhaps another manifesto? Ha!

As Paradoxism says, there is no meaning in existence, yet all history comes from the grappling with meaning. Yes. And no. And yes. And no. Yes. No. Yes. No. (Silence).

As Anyone In History Has Ever Said And Will Say, I desire truth because of many reasons. I desire truth because I want meaning in the world, for meaning can potentially create wisdom, but then I recognize wisdom itself is just a construct. But I still linger in power. This is the paradox of me. This is the paradox of you. I wield

power at my fingertips. True thought. That is power. You recognize it. You deny it. You then go in between both. And then, nothing.

Do I have more to say?

Namo Amituofo. May the light shine eternally on your path, and may you tread the river that is dry.

A Closing Note

I still have more to say? Yes! For I have even enacted the sacredness of the phrase, yet subsequently, I reject it. Why did I publish this on Amazon? Because, well, I need money. I hope you understand why, haha. But seriously. Amazon is the antithesis of humanity. It is efficiency distilled into its ultimate conclusion within capitalism. So I’m gonna embrace it. Sure, why not? My thought is so clearly anti-Bezos, that he will remove this book from the store immediately. Ha! Do so, sure. I don’t care. I’ll post this online for free, too.

So go out there. And change the world.